PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
SEP 20 1941

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXII. No. 548 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page		Page		Page
COMMENTS	173	GUSTAV MAHLER. By Edward Sackville West	181	REVIEWS:	
ATLANTIC CONFERENCE	175	THE MOVIES	182	New Novels. By A. P. West	186
POWERS AND THE PACIFIC. By V. S. Swaminathan	176	CORRESPONDENCE	183	The Youngest Poets. By Stephen Spender	186
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	177	From François Lafitte; German Listener; Hilderic Cousens; J. M. Bruce Lockhart; A. Creech Jones, M.P.; The British Institute of Public Opinion; Private; Soldier; G.P.'s Wife; E. L. Chapman; Prof. L. B. Namier.		Friends of the Soviet Union. By Maurice Edelman	188
THIS ENGLAND	178			One Does Not Forget. By Raymond Mortimer	189
"LAWFUL JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS." By Solicitor	179			He Saw England. By G. W. Stonier	190
AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR. By Arnold Lunn	180			WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	190
QUEER CUSTOMERS. By Y. Y.	181	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	185	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Urbanus	194

THE WAR FOR OIL

TIME is not on our side. Hitler will care nothing for his vast losses of men and material if he gains control of the Ukraine, the chief centre of Soviet production, and succeeds in pushing onto Russia's oilfields. At the moment Russia is hard pressed, but nowhere routed. There are several ways in which Britain is aiding the U.S.S.R. and we believe that still fuller co-operation is likely. Supplies and much-needed aircraft are to be diverted from the U.S.A.; the R.A.F. is unsparing of its own men in its attacks in the West. British diplomatic pressure in Iran suggests that the British Government is alive to the danger of Hitler reaching the great oil resources, which are perhaps the most important of all objectives. For Russia, the oil of the Caucasus, on which so much of her highly mechanised army and agricultural life depends, is absolutely vital.

Russia must defend the Caucasus to the death; and we and the United States must provide her with defensive armaments. The other oilfields of the Middle East, in Mosul and Iran, are a direct British concern. Apart from other reasons, of which there were plenty, it was necessary for us to take Syria in order to cover the Iraq oilfield. Hitler, for his part, has not neglected these countries. Rashid Ali and his immediate friends were spurred by ambition and bought, no doubt, for cash down; but the pro-German coup in Iraq was preceded by clever, ample propaganda. Its organisers, dislodged from their nest in the Italian legation, fled to Iran, where they have joined the endless procession of tourists, so accurately portrayed by Low, queueing up to the ticket office, each with his little wireless transmitter in his little suitcase. There are more Germans in Iran now than there were in Norway before it was invaded. They have created a strong pro-Nazi sentiment. It was easy enough to gain the favour of the Iranian Government. Not to go back to the old story of the "spheres of influence" Iran has been constantly conscious of pressure by Russia and Britain. The old Persia dreaded Soviet expansion; it was an odd episode in League of Nations history when Persia, by her single vote, defeated an early attempt to weaken the interpretation of the security articles, on the explicit ground that small States needed collective defence against powerful enemies. The new Iran, under Riza Khan, was no more likely to welcome Communism than its predecessor. The whole export trade and much of the industry of the country is under State monopoly, but the system is not Socialism as Russia applies it. On the south, Iran has been trying for years to regain what she believes to be her rightful possessions from Britain. She has asked periodically for Bahrein, and been refused. She attempted in 1932 to revoke the Anglo-Persian Oil Concession, and found herself faced not with private capital, but with the ponderous might of the British Government as the main shareholder. In the result, a League compromise produced a concession revised on more favourable terms. The Shah may be ready to risk the encroachments of Germany. But that does not account for popular favour, and it is here (as usual) that German propaganda puts British to shame. We have wealth, we are an Asiatic Power with long experience of the Eastern mind. Why did we allow Germany, neither rich nor Oriental, to outdo us here, as in Iraq? The Foreign Office and the Treasury must answer for this failure.

The Tourist occupation against which Britain and Russia have protested in the gravest language runs into thousands. They control the communications of the country, railways, road services, telephones, telegraphs, posts. The preparations for a coup are as complete as they are blatant. They are ready to hand over the Persian oilfield to Hitler, if his conquests rival those of Alexander; and in any case to sabotage it. Neither Britain nor Russia can possibly allow this; the oil supply is of crucial military importance. Moreover, their twice-repeated warning can honestly be represented as an offer to save her from herself. She would have no better fate as a Nazi puppet than the other occupied countries, and Germany would only waste her blood in using her to attack the rear of the Allies. On the contrary we can, and ought, to make it clear that we will respect not only Iran's territorial sovereignty, but her primary control, in peacetime, over her own oil. Foreign concessions which divert the profit and impair the ownership of small states in their own natural resources should become a thing of the past. In the meantime, if Iran does not or cannot rid herself of Nazi "tourists," she is inviting intervention by those who are fighting on both her flanks a desperate war with Germany.

Embargo on Japan

Mr. Eden's announcement that all licences for export to Japan were to be withdrawn came as an extraordinary relief. First because the British people have long had a bad conscience about supplying Japan with the materials for her aggression against China. Secondly because it seems sheer lunacy to continue to equip an Axis member for her impending attack upon ourselves and our allies. Thirdly because, coming as it did straight on top of the news of the Anglo-American conference, we connected the decision with that event, and assumed that a British embargo could be used by President Roosevelt to persuade his own people to deny Japan war materials. The system of embargo modified by licence, practised by the United States, is almost completely ineffective. Thus the export of aviation spirit to Japan is forbidden. But petrol of low-octane content, from which aviation spirit can easily be extracted, is licensed. Japan's import figures of petrol since the war are as follows:

	Total tons	From U.S.A.
1939	4,800,000	4,000,000
1940	4,400,000	3,300,000
1941 (Jan.–June)	2,400,000	1,600,000

America thus supplies Japan with a third of her petrol, the nominal embargo notwithstanding. It seems that we are already, in practice, refusing the export to Japan of war metals, such as nickel and tin, rubber and other products. But there is no real distinction between the bullets Japanese soldiers fire and the wool they wear to keep out the bitter cold of the Manchurian winter. Only complete embargo offers the chance of influencing the United States to follow our example.

The Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

One result of Russia's entry into the war, and of the meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, will be to put Anglo-American economic co-operation on a new basis; for the question is no longer one of supplying Great Britain alone, under the Lease and Lend Act, but also of supplying Russia, to the extent to which means can be found of sending the necessary supplies. This, of course, depends largely on what happens in the Far East; for Vladivostok, rather than Murmansk, is the natural route for the main bulk of American supplies to Russia. Great difficulties will arise if Japanese intervention closes that route to shipping. The use that can be made of Murmansk and Archangel depends on the Russians' success in keeping command of Leningrad, of the Murmansk railway, and of the White Sea Canal; and in any case the possibility of supplies by that route is limited. The Russians will have to depend for the present mainly on their own resources—a fact which provides an answer to those critics of Soviet policy who fastened on a too rapid pace of industrial development as the planner's great mistake. If that "mistake" had not been made, Hitler's armies would have been in Moscow and Leningrad and would have overrun the entire Ukraine long before now. The pace of industrialisation necessarily involved for the Soviet peoples a lower standard of life than would have been possible if preference had been given to the manufacture of consumers' goods; but, in face of Hitler, the regime itself would have perished if it had chosen the apparently easier course.

* * *

The stress laid in the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration on the future distribution of foodstuffs and new material supplies, taken in conjunction with Stalin's prompt acceptance of their joint proposal for the working out of common economic plans, is important not only as a means of winning the war, but also as a pointer towards the probable lines of immediate post-war reconstruction. The co-operative agencies which will now be built up between the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union will be an invaluable nucleus for the organisation that will be needed for feeding, clothing and re-equipping Europe when the war is at an end. The United States, as for the present the chief supplier, will necessarily have most to say in the shaping of these war economic plans, and, being a capitalist country, may insist on their being partly on a basis consistent with capitalist profit-making. But on the other side the promise of a Socialist buyer who is also a large potential supplier after the war, will ensure that the plans shall be compatible with the State monopoly of foreign trade as it exists in the U.S.S.R. We shall thus get a plan for organised trade and exchange between a Socialist country and countries still working under capitalism; and this will give the capitalist countries a further impulse towards the organisation of their exports by means of great trading corporations. Some people, especially among Liberals, will see in this a further dangerous move in the direction of monopoly capitalism. So it may well be, in one of its aspects; but is may equally well be a move in the direction of Socialism, if Socialists succeed in grasping political power. It is not in essence a move towards either Socialism or monopoly capitalism specifically, but towards that large-scale system of planned exchange which, under either Socialism or capitalism, will be indispensable in the period after the war.

* * *

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's committee on retail trade has made a preliminary investigation and set down four facts. First, the reduction in the volume of goods available will be something like 50 per cent. Secondly, the Government will do everything in their power to limit the rise in prices. Thirdly, they do not propose to pay compensation for loss of business. Fourthly, workers from the retail trades must be diverted to the war industries. The committee concludes that a solution must comprise the closing of a proportion of existing shops. They take the view that the eliminated firms must be compensated by the traders who remain in business. But with fewer goods to sell, how can these traders shoulder the burden unless they sell at higher prices? This they cannot do if the Government stabilises prices and wages. Treasury reluctance to contemplate an inclusive compensation scheme for war losses threatens to postpone mobilisation of resources. This attitude may recur over the building industry, whose reorganisation is foreshadowed by the census of building firms. If rationalisation and increased production are to be obtained without causing unjust hardships, the small firms will have to be compensated. In the meantime the small firms struggle on, keeping their workmen by paying wages higher than those of the war industries. The Departments dare not refuse applications for repairs and reconditioning which are not nationally essential, because refusal, in the absence of compensation, would mean annihilation for these firms. So the waste of man-power and material continues.

* * *

Lord Woolton assures us that the nutrition of the nation has not suffered from wartime rationing. This may be true, taking the nation over, although it certainly is not true sectionally. Miners, farm-labourers, and other heavy workers are not getting enough food to supply them with the energy needed for their work. The milk rations, however, must mean malnutrition, as they are at present suggested. Half-a-pint a day is short measure for adults. A pint a day is far too little for babies and small children. A certain amount can be done by voluntary adjustment; parents will do without their rations to feed infants. But this will only mean lack of protective food for the parents.

* * *

A test case for the ton of coal per month was reported to me by a friend. The month was July, which in the Highlands was a lovely month; the place a farm-house, inhabited by seven people. There was, as is usual, neither gas nor electricity for cooking or heat, but there was, as is unusual, a new low-combustion range. The ton of coal exactly sufficed for cooking, water-heating, and a seed of fire in the living-room lighted at 8 p.m., and largely fed by logs collected from the hedgerows. That house would be uninhabitable on a ton of coal per month in winter. There will be three certain results of this rationing: a large return of evacuated people to towns and the blitz, risk of death being preferable to constant cold; an increase of deaths from broncho-pneumonic complaints, both of old people and children; and widespread resentment by shivering people against a Government which, they will feel, lives in centrally heated offices, and town houses amply heated by gas-stoves and electric radiators.

Man Power and Strategy (*from a Military Correspondent*)

At mounting cost the Wehrmacht's third offensive batters its way into Russia. In the south, Odessa has been surrounded and Marshal Budenny forced to evacuate the Western Ukraine and retire across the Dnieper. In the north, a German advance on both sides of Lake Peipus appears to have isolated the Russian forces round Tallinn and to have brought within measurable distance the day when the defences of Kronstadt and Leningrad will be severely tested. These Soviet reverses should serve as a salutary warning against the optimism which pictures the defeat of Hitlerite Germany without too much effort from the West; its most serious aspect is the threat to the war industries of the U.S.S.R. in the Central and Eastern Ukraine. On the other hand, nothing so far has occurred to justify the equally persistent pessimism which has so far characterised British

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

officialdom's attitude to Russia's struggle. The Dnieper is a formidable obstacle to armoured divisions: so long as Marshal Budenny can hold it, the unbroken Russian armies between Smolensk and Kiev should be able to keep the enemy off Moscow; and the defences of Leningrad are known to be strong and in great depth. But the danger is real and no effort should be spared to strengthen an ally whose forces have withstood for nine weeks—unaided save for the R.A.F.'s success in retaining German fighters in the West—the maximum attack which the Axis could launch.

President Roosevelt appears to be confident of Russia's ability to hold out over the coming winter; and one valuable result of his conference with Mr. Churchill is that there will be a concerted Anglo-American speeding up of shipments to Russia both of raw materials and (it is to be hoped) of fighter aircraft and munitions. Even so, the question must be faced whether reinforcements of material alone will suffice. If our hope is to secure victory in 1942–43, can we achieve it unless Germany—the bulk of her troops "pinned" in the East—is forced to undertake defensive operations on a big scale in the West?

Before June 22nd, 1941, the Axis Powers in Europe and their Balkan satellites could put about 350 divisions—some of very poor quality—in the field. Possibly 50 divisions have already been destroyed in Russia. Nevertheless, we have to assume that in 1942 "German Europe," from Norway to the Black Sea, will still be defended by at least 250 divisions. Admittedly, these forces will be widely dispersed; and, with luck, next summer may find 100 to 150 enemy divisions still contained by the U.S.S.R. Even so, there seems little reason to doubt Germany's ability to oppose a Western invasion with 50 to 100 divisions. That being so, the crucial question arises whether the invasion of the Continent will be possible, even in regions where anti-Nazi sentiment is virile, by any force which Britain can raise without serious detriment to our productive capacity.

The strength of the British army available as an expeditionary force against the Continent is naturally a guarded secret. But it is clear that so long as we have to man an immense system of defence (including A.R.P.) at home and to maintain a large army in the Middle East, we cannot alone hope—even with Russia's maximum contribution—to achieve numerical parity with the Axis on land in Western Europe. There are, of course, ways of increasing the number of mobilised men—but it is not clear that they can ever be adequate as an invading force, without gravely impairing production.

This does not mean that a military victory over the Axis on land is impossible. All that is implied is, that, apart from the long term possibility of an American army in Europe, our conceptions of the war may have to be modelled, not on the belief that we can restore in the West the conditions of 1916–18, but on the conviction that we shall have to rely primarily on sea and air power to weaken the enemy, using our army for raids on a steadily increasing scale until the morale of Germany cracks and the precarious structure of the New Order collapses.

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

THE meeting of the American President and the British Premier somewhere on the Atlantic is an immense and dramatic event. What is its practical upshot? First, it means that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have had the chance of agreeing on essential questions of strategy and supply; for the results on most fronts we must wait and see, but as regards the Far East the meeting was immediately followed by a British decision to embargo the export of all war materials to Japan—a decision which must, one would think, soon be matched in the United States, which at the moment is making nonsense of the nominal embargo by granting licences for the export of low-octane petrol, from which aviation spirit can easily be extracted. Secondly, the meeting of the British Premier and American Chief Executive means that the U.S.S.R. will receive a larger proportion of military aid from the United States than has hitherto been the case, and that a Three-Power Conference will take place in Moscow. That, too, is real advance. Thirdly, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt reached agreement on a broad proclamation of war aims: Eight Points, which will inevitably recall Mr. Wilson's Fourteen and which will therefore be examined with great attention everywhere in the world as the first indication of the ideas of a post-war world which are common to the Governments of Britain and the U.S.A. It is a strange and extremely important fact that the United States, which is not committed to fighting the war, is now committed to the responsibilities of the peace. Much of the American objection that Britain has never defined her war-aims is removed; if the United States does decide to come into the war the basis for a peace which is not imperialist has been agreed by her President.

The Eight Points are criticised as vague; the world is suspicious of great words and wants to know how to overcome war and poverty. Some of the language gives ground for this criticism; there are phrases in this declaration as obsolete as the vermiform appendix. One of these occurs in the third point: "They wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them." Now everybody in Britain wants to see France, the Scandinavians, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and all the other captives free again. But what are "sovereign rights" in our world? A politely legalistic term for international anarchy. The chief attributes of national sovereignty are the right of the State to act as judge in its own cause and to make war when it chooses. Even the United States formally relinquished the right of war in the Kellogg Pact, and all the other protagonists in the last war surrendered it far more seriously as members of the League. The refusal to develop the system of law between nations envisaged by the Covenant, and the failure of the League Powers to prevent aggressors from exercising their sovereign right to go to war, are among the chief factors which have brought us to our present pass. What, if the word is anything but a courtesy title, can the promise of restored sovereignty mean except an intention once again to Balkanise Europe? Do Britain and America mean the lesser States to regain the kind of independence which left them the piecemeal prey of aggression? Do they mean the great Powers to return to the fatal oscillations of the Balance of Power? Nothing could so certainly tempt the American people to isolation after the war. Even "self-government" has a dubious ring. Are we to recognise as absolute the right of a State to rule its minorities with such cruelty that they are squeezed out to become a burden and a problem to the whole world? Sovereignty and independence in the old sense resemble the appendix in other respects than in being relics of a former age. Like an atrophied organ, they may become diseased and kill the whole body. Indeed, it is their disease which is destroying the world, and what they need is not restoration but removal.

"Sovereignty," any student of post-war Europe will agree, is quite incompatible with "freedom from want." So is any conception of the peace that does not include a clear recognition of the necessity of organising Europe as a whole and including in a reorganised Europe the great mass of German citizens after the Nazis have been swept away. On this problem the Eight Points are encouraging. In the last half-year there has been a crystallisation of public opinion on Germany. Knowledge of the Nazi treatment of subject races has become general; there has been a spate of articles and books filled with horrible detail. Lord Vansittart, who never tells us what he wants to do with the Germans, has his following, which is beginning, under his influence, to entertain ideas which must alarm a diplomat of his intelligence. To the ignorant people who talk as if Germany could somehow be erased from Europe, the Eight Points are a severe reverse. They may interpret the sixth, which opens: "After the final destruction of Nazi tyranny," to mean the compilation of a black list of every Nazi official, great and small, with the aim of killing them all; even so, the distinction between Nazis and other Germans, the significance of "Hitlerite" Germany, remains clear in the Eight Points. This is an immense gain which will make decent propaganda possible.

Once away from antiquated and unscientific thinking about sovereign rights and the "punishment" of peoples, chiefs of democratic States find themselves confronted with the real problems of government, which are at least as much economic as political. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have not been very definite, but at least their words provide a basis on which an intelligent attitude to post-war problems can be founded. In reading the Points, Mr. Attlee's voice emphasised the recurrent word "All." This recognition of universal and common human rights, which cut across all divisions of colour, class and creed, is the keynote of each of the great documents of American history. All peoples are to choose their form of government; all States, victor and vanquished, are to have access to trade and raw materials; all are to collaborate in economics aimed at improved labour standards and social security; the peace is to afford to all safety and freedom from fear and want; all are to traverse the seas without hindrance; all must come to the abandonment of the use of force—by the disarmament of the aggressors first, "pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security." This "all" has only two exceptions; the destruction of Nazi tyranny is our first and necessary object; no people will be allowed to choose a Government which places itself outside the framework of co-operation and sets out on a career of conquest and spoliation. By the same token all aggressors must disarm. The world must be policed. On that proviso Germany, Italy and

Japan are included in pacification and construction. This means that, at last, the democracies have an appeal to make, a pledge to offer, to the people of the world, whether they belong to the aggressors or the victims. Fear and despair are strong emotions; they paralyse the subjects of merciless, greedy and ambitious rulers. But hope is stronger still; it has always lain on our side; and the Eight Point Declaration gives the spokesmen of democracy the chance, at long last, to mobilise hope.

This brings us to the hope that lies in Mr. Roosevelt's "four freedoms," two of which, freedom from fear and freedom from want, are the key to these Eight Points. This explicit denial of desire for aggrandisement, and the statement that territorial changes must accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned, is a reply to Nazi propaganda which tries to frighten us by declaring that America is taking over territory with the nominal desire to help Britain, but really with the intention of building a vast territorial Empire. It is well to have the disclaimer on record, especially in relation to subject peoples. The constructive political points imply much more than they say. The sixth and eighth points state the hope for a peace which will afford assurance that all men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want; and the belief that all nations must abandon the use of force. Freedom from fear of war, "practicable measures" to lighten the burden of armaments, "a wider and permanent system of general security"—these aims put into action would involve the establishment of international law and the creation of means to enforce it. The two economic points are rather the basis for controversy than the solution of a world problem. "Enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and raw materials of the world." Access to raw materials in peacetime has never been denied to those who could pay for them, though, of course, "access" has been easier for those who possessed them. Access to trade is very different. The whole autarchic policy of the nations has been designed, and successfully designed, to prevent it. Reversing the process will mean an enormous energy and determination in planning the exchange and distribution of wealth. It will be fought inch by inch by all the barons of commerce, who have erected their domains behind tariff walls. Tariffs and nineteenth-century free trade are both dead and buried. If the British and American Governments really mean to fulfill this promise to use the world's goods for mankind's prosperity, if they really intend freedom from want and social security for all—then they must be prepared for a far more drastic fight with vested interests than they have so far dreamed of. They would do well to set up expert bodies at once to consider the problems involved. Much useful work on such planning has already been done by the League of Nation's economic section and by the I.L.O.

What will be the immediate needs at the end of the war? Food and reconstruction, not frontiers and plebiscites. It will be at least two years before it is worth while talking about a Peace Settlement. Food distribution, the restarting of an exhausted and ruined agriculture, the control of epidemics, will have to be undertaken at once. But they should not be worked at merely as emergency salvage. The planning of European industry on lines very different from the German New Order, the rebuilding of cities in Europe as in Britain, must not be undertaken as the rebuilding of northern France was after the last war—in the spirit of returning as far as possible to the *status quo*. Problems of location of industry, of world needs rather than national strategy, will demand attention. Economically, a common currency will be found necessary. Politically, an extremely strong and carefully designed central control, with regional devolution, must be set up. For the men who design Free Europe will have to exercise as much power as, and far more prevision than, the Nazi planners who only plan slavery.

These, then, are the gains of the Peace Points; that they exist; that they are at least potentially constructive; and that they turn the intelligence of the world from puerile thinking about revenge and punishment to the practical problems of pacifying and reorganising a world that, without peace and reorganisation, looks like completing the job of general suicide that is now so merrily advancing. The doubt that must haunt the minds of all who remember 1919 is whether, once the fear of Nazi conquest is over, the leaders of tired and battered peoples will have the moral and mental strength to defeat the interests and assuage the passions that mocked the sacrifices of the last war and may so easily mock the greater sacrifices of this war. Here, vague and inadequate and inconsistent though it seems, is the basis for those who understand and who intend to see that the story of 1919 is not repeated.

POWERS AND THE PACIFIC

WHILE the Battle of the Atlantic has been raging for over a year now the Pacific basin has hitherto remained placid by comparison, notwithstanding the fact that Japan has been at war for a decade, and a few enemy raiders operating from "unknown" bases have taken some toll of British and Allied shipping in the Far East. The avowed object of the Tripartite pact was, of course, to reduce America's ability or willingness to assist Britain and China. In fact, by linking the Atlantic and Pacific perils, thus underlining the solidarity of aggression, the conversion of the Axis into the Triangle has thrust the total character of security ("collective security") on to the general consciousness of even the isolationist Americans. Since last September the Nazis have been goading Nippon to decide on positive measures towards this country and the United States. "Japan must realise the vital need of occupying British strategic points in the Far East by military force before the American fleet arrives to take them over itself," wrote *Münchener Neuste Nachrichten* early this year. And by way of consolation the Axis and its vassal states recently accorded *de jure* recognition to the Japanese-controlled Nanking regime under Wang Ching-wei. It is easy to see how Japan can serve the Axis. It is (or is it?) Hitler's strategy to get Britain to spread its war efforts over as many different theatres as possible while massing Germany's strength for a mortal blow at the heart or in the Near East. But it is difficult to discern how Germany can help Japan. Be that as it may, in turning her attention to the South Seas, and also massing her troops on the Russo-Manchukuoan border not far from Vladivostok, Japan appears to be playing the Hitler game at the bidding of Berlin.

Tokio started by accusing Britain and America of plotting behind the smoke-screen of the Russo-German war to encircle Japan from Singapore to Midway Islands and choke her by an iron blockade, and ended by winning the first round—the successful *coup* of French Indo-China. By dominating Indo-China Japan aims to close the Burma Road—Free China's contact with the outside world—gains the mineral and agricultural resources of the French colony, presses Thailand to join the co-prosperity sphere of Great Eastern Asia, menaces Malaya, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, and assists the Axis by distracting the attention of the Allies and America, as well as their forces, from the main theatre of war. Her ultimate aims are no less clear. *Nichi Nichi* wrote in July that "in order to develop the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity sphere Anglo-American influence and the nest of the old order must be wiped out." According to the elastic definition employed by the Japanese spokesmen, the South Sea territories embrace the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya, the Philippines, Thailand, French Indo-China, British Borneo, Portuguese Timor, the Papuan territory under the Australian mandate, and even Burma! The areas all along coveted, and now menaced, by Japan yield an abundance of natural resources unmatched in any other comparable region throughout the world. Virtually the entire world supply of rubber, 75 per cent. of tin, substantial amounts of petroleum, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, cinchona, tobacco, textile fibres and several metallic ores come from these territories. In the recent past 85 per cent. of imports listed as strategic for war purposes by Washington have been yielded by this region. It is vitally important to British sea communications, to the maritime trade of the Far East, to the air-lines of Britain, the Netherlands, and the United States. The South Seas are rich though relatively undeveloped. Malaya, to-day, has become the Colonial "dollar arsenal." Her 1940 sales to the United States totalled 591.5 million Straits dollars and imports from there only 38 millions. In addition to rubber and tin, Malaya is producer and exporter of iron ore, tungsten, bauxite, manganese ore, ilmenite and phosphates. The Netherlands East Indies account for even a wider and more diversified range of commodities :—

Production in Metric Tons, 1939.

Sugar	1,562,462	Tea	83,159
Coffee	113,319	Cocoa	1,738
Rubber	382,681	Oil palms	243,683
Cinchona	12,391	Tin	28,200
Tobacco	39,002	Oil	7,948,694

In her recent abortive trade negotiations with the Dutch East Indies Japan wanted more oil, tin and rubber, an increased import quota for Japanese manufactures, mining and prospecting facilities and the opening of direct air and cable services between Tokio and Batavia. The Governor-General of the D.E.I. declared that Japan will only be allowed as much of the products as she needs for her own use while the Japanese controlled rubber and tin exports from Indo-China and Thailand must be taken into account so that he may be sure that Germany will not indirectly benefit by the release of stocks

destined for Japan. In the interests of national defence the United States extended the system of licensing exports to the Philippines towards the end of last May, which had the effect of sharply curtailing Philippine exports of chrome, manganese, copper ore, Manila fibre, etc., to Japan. With the occupation of French Indo-China, Japan and Britain have a common frontier in Burma. And Burma's actual material resources are great and her potential resources larger still. Her principal products include rice, cotton, tea, rubber and teak, while her mineral and metal output has expanded more than three-fold since the last war, from £2.5 million (average for 1914–18) to over 7.6 millions (1934–38 average). They comprise mineral oil, lead, zinc, copper, silver and some nickel and cobalt, and large tonnages of tin and tungsten. Moreover, Yunnan has now become the centre of Free China's resistance and Chun-king's life-line, as vital to China's survival as the Atlantic life-line to Britain's, runs along the Burma-Yunnan Road.

During the Four Years' War Japan was our ally, and she suffered least from and gained most out of that struggle. Her trade with the South Sea territories (barring Burma) increased more than sixfold, from 76 million yen in 1914 to 476 millions in 1939. Japan provided a profitable market for the many primary products of these proximate territories and the latter absorbed increasing quantities of cheap-priced Nippon manufactures. Her shipping earnings, too, waxed greatly in the last twenty years. Now Japan has deemed it opportune to force the pace. The occupation of Indo-China will render her self-sufficient in rice, rubber, lead, manganese, zinc, chrome, antimony and tungsten. From a long-term point of view Japan has taken a fateful step in her programme of enforcing the New Asiatic Order proclaimed by Prince Konoye in 1938. With every base and vantage point Japan succeeds in securing, the military problems facing other Powers with paramount political, commercial and strategic interests in the Pacific will become steadily more formidable.

Polite admonitions and mild warnings proving unavailing, Great Britain, the Empire countries and the United States have joined hands to freeze all Japanese assets and to impose a system of licences for all commercial transactions. The Dutch East Indies has followed suit. To the extent retaliatory steps are open to her Japan has already taken them, but her economic position is highly vulnerable and her oversea intercourse will inevitably undergo further drastic contraction. Moreover, this decline will be felt most acutely in the import of many vital war commodities. Japan has forbidden publication of official statistics since 1937. Reliance must therefore be placed on figures issued by countries from which she is buying raw materials. Such figures have been compiled by Mr. Hu Tun-Yuan in Washington in May, 1939. During 1938 the United States and the Philippines, the British Empire and the Netherlands, including the Dutch East Indies, furnished Japan with over 86 per cent. of the materials essential for war purposes. The United States accounted for 56.0 per cent., the British Empire 20.7 per cent., and the D.E.I. 8.6 per cent. Japan imported asbestos, nickel and aluminium from Canada: rubber, tin, iron ore and bauxite from Malaya; mica, manganese, pig iron and raw cotton from India; and wool from Australia. America, Britain and Holland, with their possessions, etc., sent to Japan nearly two-thirds of her total imports of motor cars, parts and accessories, seven-tenths of her metal-working machinery, three-fourths of her aircraft, and over nine-tenths of her oil, copper, lead, nickel, mica, asbestos, scrap iron and other ores. Also, by purchasing Japanese goods they were supplying her with foreign exchange to finance the purchase of war materials from abroad. According to Mr. Guenther Stein, the British Empire, the United States and the Philippines, Holland and France with their colonies together bought in recent normal years over four-fifths of Japan's total exports, whereas Germany and Italy took only 3.2 per cent. Furthermore, a large share of Japan's trade with the British Empire and with third countries was till recently financed in London.

As a result of the measures taken by the "A.B.D." Powers, in theory, therefore, Japan's current war effort could meet with crippling damage at no distant future, since the production of war materials inside the yen bloc can never offset the loss of supplies from the three aforementioned Powers. The complete withdrawal of licences for export from Britain to Japan, following on the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting, should mark the beginning of a total embargo on the supply of war materials to Japan.

As before, Japan may choose the line of least resistance and start by taking Thailand under her protection. She may then turn to Borneo and Celebes for the next aggressive step. Oil ports here have been mined, oil wells prepared for firing, heavy artillery guarding essential points and refineries moved back to Sumatra. Getting bolder, Nippon even might try a pincer movement, first to Java, then to Sumatra, and end with a concerted north and south move on Singapore. She may, moreover, outflank the Singapore bottleneck on the western approaches by cutting a canal through Thailand's Kra Isthmus. All these are possibilities. Japan has no right to complain if others take belated precautions unless she intends adventuring very far afield. Fortunately, the Allies had been forewarned. The Empire countries east of Suez have been co-operating in the industrial and military fields to meet such a contingency. And linked with Singapore, in the defence of India, Ceylon, Burma, Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand and the safeguarding of the trade routes from South Africa to India and India to the Far East, are the secondary bases at Simonstown, Hong Kong, Colombo and Port Darwin. The United States has greatly strengthened the defences of Guam, Samoa, Oahu, Wake and Midway Islands, while Manila and Subig Bay constitute the keypoints of defence of the Philippines. Finally, the bulk of the Dutch Navy is stationed in the East Indies. If America, alongside of Great Britain, the Empire and Allied countries, is ready to engage in a shooting war the dice would soon be loaded against the aggressor.

V. S. SWAMINATHAN

A LONDON DIARY

IF the President of the United States goes fishing in a very secret place and a number of other well-known figures disappear from Washington about the same time, and the British Prime Minister is also away from his usual haunts—well, you can't expect American journalists not to put two and two together and make something like four out of the sum. In this country the secret was rather better kept, since newspaper editors were asked to say nothing about it. But rumour ran round pretty fast, and long before Mr. Attlee's announcement most people had heard that the President and the Premier were meeting somewhere. All sorts of expectations were raised by the news that Mr. Attlee was to say something important: the most current view in London seems to have been that Mr. Roosevelt was going to declare war on Japan. No warning that he lacks the power to do so was any good: "Oh, he'll get round that, like other things," was the answer I heard. Of course, this view was substantially right; in practice Congress can do little except approve if the President by his foreign policy and his powers as Commander-in-Chief has taken steps to start the shooting. Other more bizarre rumours seem to have been running round in Wales. A correspondent tells me that people thought there were going to be sweeping changes in the Government; some said Mr. Churchill was "going" because he did not help Russia and that Hore-Belisha was to be Prime Minister! When the Eight Points were read out the reaction I heard from the Right, as well as the Left, was that they were "mushy," "all words," and that they "did not go far enough." People are sceptical of general phrases, even when they are good phrases.

* * *

When I read that Marshal Budenny is forming a front on the Dnieper, the picture that comes into my mind is of a half-constructed town in very flat country on the banks of a very broad river across which men had constructed a perfectly monstrous dam. I am not easily interested in engineering feats or impressed by being told that they are the largest or second largest in the world. But the great Dnieperstroi dam is a memorable sight; more than anything else that I recall in Russia, it symbolises the contrast between the western and the Soviet attitude to constructive work. If there is money to be made by contracts we soon get on with the job; if there is life to be saved, as in India, by a dam or other public work, we may in the end, and after years of delay, supply the need out of public funds. But in Russia they build without waiting for public demand. The results are often surprising and many mistakes are made. But the principle is important. What was the dam for? I asked. Its chief value, they said, was to provide power for a million people. But were there a million people to use it? No, there were only scattered farms over the countryside when the construction of the dam began. But they were building six huge factories to work closely together, and the house that I stayed in which I first imagined to be an unfinished hotel, proved to be a block of workers' flats. In Russia you begin from scratch. Electricity, Lenin declared, was a key to socialism. Very well then, you would have electricity where water power would make it, and then if the population wasn't handy you put the population where you had made the power. In this country we like to talk of the slow

growth of our society and institutions; in Soviet Russia things don't grow; you just make them.

* * *

Among the American journalists visiting this country none has made so individual an impression as Herbert Agar. Agar was a regular and brilliant contributor to this paper when he was in England from 1931-1934. But when he arrived here three weeks ago he was quite unknown to the mass of the British public. His speech at the lunch given by the American Outpost produced an extraordinary impression on the most varied types of listeners. The *Times* devoted a special leading article to it, and one distinguished person who heard it said that he would do anything to arrange for Agar to speak to an audience of Bishops; he might inspire them with something of his faith. Agar is that unusual combination, a man who is deadly in earnest about winning the war, and who yet keeps his head about the objects for which it is being fought. He was one of the original founders of the "Fight for Freedom" Committee in the United States, and the paper which he edits, the *Louisville-Courier*, stands, I think, alone in having fully faced the implications of this war in America from its outset. Agar has always held that America must enter the war completely if the Nazis are to be defeated, and he believes that the only way to fight successfully is on behalf of aims and by methods which give content and reality to the word "freedom." He has toured the forty-eight United States urging that the Americans should drop such half-way houses as "aid to Britain," "short of war," and the rest of it, and realise that these are only evasions and postponements of what he regards as inevitable belligerency, which he hopes will not be too late. He is an outspoken critic of British propaganda in the United States, which he regards as foolishly timorous and apologetic. If we really believe in our cause he thinks we should take the offensive, leave off pretending that we can win the war without America as a full ally and offer to hammer out with the U.S.A. worthy objects for our joint war against the Nazis. When Agar was called a warmonger, he had the bright idea of accepting the jibe as a compliment and found that when he started calling himself a warmonger his isolationist critics soon tried another tack.

* * *

Surveys of "Life and Labour" go back as far as Mayhew's three volumes in 1850, and Booth's famous study of the London poor forty years later stimulated both the Fabian and the Settlement movements. Fabianism represented the effort to abolish poverty by State reorganisation; settlements to alleviate its evils by the direct action of individuals. Seebohm Rowntree's *Poverty* was a new departure which was useful to both groups of social effort. Mr. Rowntree attempted to *define* poverty, laying down on the basis of careful inquiry the minimum wage below which a healthy, let alone a happy, life was impossible. He found in 1899 that 15.46 per cent. of York—never a distressed area—was living in abject poverty. By dividing up the causes of poverty he helped to remove discussion from the Charity Organisation level; poverty was not a single phenomenon due to the inherent criminality of the lower orders, nor was it an accident to be got rid of by any simple Act of Parliament. The Minority Report of the Poor Law pushed things a stage further, and poverty was relieved by insurances against old age, sickness and unemployment. As a result of social services, smaller families and higher wages, Mr. Rowntree finds in a new investigation made forty years later, now published as *Poverty: a Second Social Survey of York* (Longmans, 15*s*.), that "abject poverty" has been reduced to 6.8 per cent., but, mainly as a result of unemployment, there were still in 1936 31.1 per cent. of the population of York which were not in receipt of as much as 43*s*. 6*d*. a week (excluding rent), which he decided was the bare minimum for anything like a decent life. His poverty line is still low; he believes that our present order of society enables us to put everyone above it. An awkward question is raised here. Of course we have the wealth to raise the standard far above this poverty line for everyone. But is it not perhaps true that poverty is psychologically essential if capitalism is to work? Mr. Rowntree's great book is full of exciting material which will be further examined in this journal. I notice that he fully investigates the incidence of drink and church-going (both rapidly declining), and finds that before the war gambling, mostly in the form of football pools, was taking their place. "Among a vast number of people football pools have become an obsession and actually constitute the chief interest of their lives." Here is the real indictment of our pre-war society: it offers so little to believe in, work or live for, that poverty or not, football pools may be the "chief interest" in life.

* * *

Sir George Schuster refers in the *Sunday Times* to the Viceroy's "Cabinet" and to the "joint Cabinet responsibility" of the new Ministers, and a B.B.C. commentator speaks of the Viceroy's Council being "just like our Cabinet." Now if these phrases are justified they imply a great constitutional change in India. A friend who was going to see the Viceroy not long ago in New Delhi tells me that visitors are specially cautioned against using the word "Cabinet." "His Excellency flies right off the handle," he was told, if anyone suggested that the Council had the authority of a Cabinet. The point must be cleared up. If our official writers and speakers are ascribing to the new Councillors powers and a status they do not possess, they add to the Viceroy's difficulties and to the deception of the British public about India. If the constitutional revolution they imply has really taken place, the present controversy about the unrepresentative character of the new Council is wrongly conceived, and the chance of breaking the deadlock in India is perhaps improved.

* * *

Dartington has been a lively place this summer. Most people think of it as a "modern" school, but that is only one of its many activities. The original idea in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst was that it should be a community shared and enjoyed by all the workers in all the different departments—the schools, the farms, the forestry, the horticulture and all the rest of them—and that the communal life should include the best music and all the amenities of urban life in the midst of beautiful country. Though I would not say that the ideal has been achieved, the result has been remarkable and exciting. The war has taken away the Chehov Ballet and evacuees have changed things—not, I think, for the worse. Music, however, is flourishing and last week-end those who were lucky enough to be at Dartington enjoyed a series of concerts of English music, comprising both the Purcell and modern periods, played and sung with a perfection that is seldom attained. Mr. Oppenheim, who was so largely responsible for building up the Glyndbourne Orchestra, is in charge, and he will have nothing but the best.

* * *

In another corner of Dartington the Fabians held their annual summer school. I gather that the most striking address, out of many that reached unusual quality, was that of Victor Gollancz. He had a policy and a message. He argued that on the assumption that the Nazis are defeated, with the present Government still in power in this country and the U.S.A. in avowed or virtual alliance, Russian influence would probably be dominant in Europe and in any case important in the settlement. The risk of this situation developing into a wrangle and possibly another war between Western capitalism and Communism would in such circumstances obviously be real. Much would depend on the European revolution developing on Socialist rather than on Communist lines. The way to prevent the disaster of further conflict would be the existence in this country of a Socialist movement strong enough to influence the Government's policy. He urged, with a passion which seems to have carried conviction, that Socialists should unite now to permeate the Labour Party and to recall it to its old Socialist faith. He wants to revive the Socialism of the Keir Hardie days, stressing its ethical even more than its economic claims.

* * *

There is a danger of the Players losing Leonard Sachs, and therefore of London losing the Players. I hope that the authorities will think again. The Players, famous in Covent Garden as Ridgway's Late Joys, and now more famous then ever in its new quarters in Albemarle Street. Here in the darkest black-out in the noisiest blitz one can always find an entertainment that is gay, an atmosphere that is refreshing and an audience that is varied and appreciative. A very large proportion of those who frequent the Players are airmen, soldiers and sailors who want somewhere during a night on leave to enjoy with their families or friends an entertainment that does not insult the intelligence. The rest of the audience seems largely composed of civil servants who need, if anyone does, a place where for an hour or two they can get away from routine and laugh over a sandwich and a drink. I've met some very distinguished public servants at the Joys; I've never seen one there who did not laugh. The standard of entertainment is first-class, and last winter the authorities showed their recognition of its qualities by arranging on a number of occasions for the performance of the Joys to be broadcast abroad. Leonard Sachs is the organiser and compère of the Joys; it is apparently doubtful whether the Club, which is more than a Club, can continue without him. I very much hope he is allowed to remain. In company with hundreds of other people I owe to him during last autumn and winter the practical assurance that laughter and intelligent fun can survive among death and destruction.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Eric Barton.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The present wholesale blood-letting, which will increase, is one of the processes of racial purification, and national redemption.—Letter in *The Times Literary Supplement.*

Councillor Mrs. Bone praised the women's organisations for their salvage work, and instanced how the River Wey had been dragged for salvage, and how Upwey and Broadwey women had followed dogs to see where they buried their bones.—From *Southern Times.*

It is known that Hitler would be prepared to pay a heavy price for even a temporary landing in Britain. It is up to the Home Guard to see that he doesn't.—*Defence.*

Land girl, inadequately trained but tough (and attractive), is looking for progressive employer.—Advertisement in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Owing to the revolution, the question of officering the navy has been a difficult one.

This is illustrated in the fact that both Vice-Admirals Tributs and Oktiabrsky —who have now respectively commanded the Baltic and Black Sea fleets for over two years—began their naval careers as lower-deck ratings in 1919.—*Illustrated.*

The native black population is so unimportant that beyond mentioning them and pointing out to the children that their civilisation is that of the Stone Age, and that it is *impossible* to raise them to ours, it is wise to ignore them. Children are inclined to think that the black people of Australia are as important as the black people of Africa.—*Teachers' World.*

Holy Trinity, Hoxton. Assistant Priest required. Title would be considered. Young and able-bodied, early riser, clean and tidy appearance. Pacifists, Communists, or men contemplating marriage need not apply.—Advt. in the *Church Times.*

"LAWFUL JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS"

ONE by one the Constitutional checks and safeguards which the wisdom of our ancestors established to protect the liberty of the subject are going. Grand juries have gone. An inroad has been made upon the independence of the judges. There have been encroachments upon freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of public meeting. All these have been interfered with in time of peace. War offers opportunities to the Executive to get rid of what may interfere with its freedom of action. Past experience shows that when peace comes liberties are not always restored. The right to trial by jury is in grave danger.

As to the importance of trial by jury great authorities can be quoted :—

"The most transcendent privilege which any subject can wish for is, that he cannot be affected in his property or liberty or person but by the unanimous consent of twelve of his neighbours and his equals" (3 Blackstone's Commentaries 379).

And in *Halsbury's Laws of England* (Second Edition), at p. 390, it is stated that the liberties of the subject owe their main protection (*inter alia*) :—

> To the fact that the subject can insist upon having common law actions affecting his most treasured rights, as well as all accusations of serious crime, tried by unprofessional representatives of public opinion in the persons of a jury.

Lord Eldon said that he considered juries to be the greatest blessing which the British Constitution had secured to the subject. It is not to be supposed that Lord Eldon meant what he said, but it is obvious that he thought he was expected to say it.

The present position is that in civil cases the right to trial by jury has to a great extent gone. The restrictions on trial by jury during the last war were not repealed until 1925, and further restrictions were imposed by the Administration of Justice (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act of 1933. There is no right to a trial by jury in civil cases, except in libel, slander, malicious prosecution, false imprisonment, seduction, breach of promise of marriage, defended divorce and contested probate actions. In other cases the court has power to order a jury but seldom does so. Many, perhaps most, lawyers think a judge sitting alone is more likely than a jury to be right in deciding questions of fact. Personally, I would back a jury every time. A jury is far more likely to know whether a witness is speaking the truth or not, for, in addition to being nearer to his point of view, a jury of twelve, or even seven, has a much wider experience than any judge. It is a mistake to think of a judge as one who has had a long experience of weighing evidence. He has usually had plenty of practice in coming to a decision on evidence, but very few opportunities of knowing whether or not his decisions were right. I hope truth may excuse disrespect when I say that the longer a judge sits the more cock-sure he gets.

In criminal cases the accused has the right to be tried by a jury in all indictable offences and whenever the maximum punishment for an offence triable summarily exceeds three months.

There are some offences, such as indecent exposure, in which there ought to be, but is not, a right to be tried by jury, but on the whole there is, on paper, the right to trial by jury in nearly all serious offences. But in practice there are very serious difficulties.

In the first place the machinery of justice in this country would break down at once if any considerable proportion of persons entitled to be tried by jury availed themselves of this right. In 1938, the last year before the present war, 85,405 persons were tried for indictable offences. Of these 10,003 were tried at Assizes and Quarter Sessions and 75,402 by the magistrates in summary courts. In addition there were many thousands of non-indictable offences, such as dangerous driving, where the accused elected to be dealt with summarily. During the last hundred years there has been a continual tendency to force the accused to claim the right to a jury, instead of making such trial compulsory. And in the great majority of cases the choice is put to the accused person in such a form as to make it highly probable that he will not claim his right. The Summary Jurisdiction Act 1879 s. 17 lays down that the court, for the purpose of informing the defendant of his right to be tried by a jury, shall address him to the following effect :

> "You are charged with an offence in respect of the commission of which you are entitled, if you desire it, instead of being dealt with summarily, to be tried by a jury; do you desire to be tried by a jury?"

If the court think it desirable, for the information of the defendant a statement of the meaning of being dealt with summarily, and of the Assizes or Sessions at which he will be tried by a jury, may be added.

In practice the accused, unless legally represented or an experienced criminal, seldom knows what the choice before him is. The formula used in one court I know, which deals with some thousands of cases yearly, is as follows :

"Which will you do? Will you be tried now or go to Quarter Sessions?"

This or something like it is quite a common form, although it appears to be entirely irregular. Naturally enough, the average defendant elects to be tried at once and get it over. If he does not, pressure of one kind or another is often brought to induce him to do so. I have been told by reporters and probation officers that in some of the smaller courts election is not infrequently dispensed with when the court is in a hurry. I have myself several times been present when it has been overlooked. Magistrates, and even more their clerks, much dislike having to spend time in taking depositions.

Quarter Sessions, in turn, dislike any increase in work. They can impose much heavier sentences than are permitted to the summary courts, and some years ago a Chairman of Quarter Sessions incautiously announced that the sentence imposed was given because the prisoner had wasted their time by electing to be dealt with at Quarter Sessions instead of agreeing to be tried summarily!

The high cost of trial by jury at Quarter Sessions as compared with being dealt with summarily by the magistrates is a very important factor. There are very few Quarter Sessions at which solicitors can appear. To be defended before a summary court usually costs from 1 to 4 or 5 guineas. To go to Quarter Sessions costs from £20 to £30, for a solicitor, and sometimes a barrister, is required before the committing justices, and a barrister has to be briefed for Quarter Sessions. It is very rare for costs to be given to a successful defendant, and defence certificates for free legal aid at Quarter Sessions and Assizes are granted in less than one case in five.

To illustrate the position take an actual case in which I was concerned, which occurred not many months ago. The charges were of being incapable through drink of exercising proper control while driving a motor car and of dangerous driving. The chance of acquittal on these charges is at least five times better with a jury than before the magistrates. The defendant elected to be tried by a jury. Though not a wealthy man, his means put a defence certificate out of the question. A jury found him Not Guilty on both charges. The out-of-pocket payments alone of the defence amounted to £25 3s. without including any profit costs. The prosecution, who

thought they were certain of a conviction, were proposing to ask the Recorder to make the defendant pay their costs in addition to any other punishment that might be imposed, and while the jury were considering their verdict the solicitor for the prosecution discussed the matter with me. I protested against the suggestion that a defendant should be penalised for exercising his right to be tried by a jury, but without result. The prosecution's costs amounted to £39 13s., and I have little doubt that had there been a conviction these costs, or the greater part thereof, would have had to be paid by the defendant in addition to his own.

Trial by jury is becoming the privilege of the dangerous criminal, the rich and a small proportion of the very poor. For the rest there are the tender mercies of the magistrates in the courts of summary jurisdiction.

SOLICITOR

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE WAR

THE dynamic power of religion when allied with nationalism, as in Ireland's struggle against England, is responsible for an exaggerated estimate of the influence of religion. Race has always been far more potent than religion. It is easy to cite case after case where the interests of the Church have been subordinated to national interests, but I cannot recall a single case of a Christian country sacrificing national interests to those of religion. In spite of Gladstone's rhetoric, the persecution of Armenian Christians was not allowed to affect our friendly relations with the Turks. It is, therefore, a little naive of Englishmen to expect the Irish or the Irish-Americans to join a crusade against Hitler, even though Hitler be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than the Muslims when they were advancing to the gates of Vienna. None the less, religious loyalties, though less influential than racial loyalties, have transformed the attitude of American Catholics. In the last war almost all the German-American Catholics were pro-German, and the overwhelming majority of Irish-American Catholics Isolationist, if not actively anti-British, but in this war there is hardly an American Catholic who desires a Nazi victory, and there are many thousands who pray for American intervention. There is far more Interventionism among German-American Catholics than among the non-Catholics of this group, a fact which should be taken into consideration by those who believe in a natural sympathy between the Church and Fascism, and some of the most effective criticism of the Nazi regime in America is that which has been published in German-American Catholics papers, such as *Der Wanderer* (Minneapolis) and *Central Blatt* (St. Louis). I travelled 25,000 miles, crossing America from coast to coast in November and again in March, and I lectured to every variety of audience, to Catholics, Protestants, dons, undergraduates, Jews, clubs, such as the Century, which is the Athenaeum of New York, and the Commonwealth, which every Presidential candidate addresses. The Irish Catholics, who are mainly Isolationist, gave me as warm a welcome as the Jews, who are almost solidly Interventionist. Americans, irrespective of creed, have been profoundly moved by Britain's struggle against overwhelming odds. My agent offered a choice of lecture titles, and I received more than one letter from Irish-American sponsors to the effect that everybody wanted to hear about the Battle of Britain, but would I mind if my lecture on that subject was advertised under the title "Can Democracy Survive?" in order to forestall the accusation that they were sponsoring British propaganda. The Irish may hate England, with good reason, but they do not hate individual Englishmen. Indeed, there is no race which gives the individual English a warmer welcome. The Irish are proof against argument from an Englishman, but they respond generously to an appeal to their sympathy. It is, of course, difficult for them to envisage the traditional Goliath in the role of David, but the epic of our resistance after Dunkirk and the stubborn heroism of our civilian population has captured their imaginations. An English Catholic sat next an Irish-American during one of my lectures. His friend had criticised the committee for providing a British propagandist with a platform, but when I sat down he applauded vigorously. The Englishman remained discreetly silent. "Give him a hand," exclaimed the Irishman, "Give him a big hand. You can't beat them." "Them" being the British, for it was not the lecturer whom he was applauding.

Isolationism is far less widespread among American Catholics than I had been led to believe. Early in my tour I lectured at the Seminary of North Easton. It was a private and informal gathering, and I allowed myself the unusual luxury of candour. When I had finished Father Fitzgerald arose: "You've been very severe with us," he said; "We all pray for a British victory, and we are all agreed that our President's policy must be supported, even if we have to fight." When I left one of the priests said to me: "We're all behind you. Good luck to your mission."

Father Fitzgerald spoke for a minority, but an important and influential minority, perhaps 20 per cent. of the American Catholics, but even the majority hope for the disappearance of Hitler. Why, then, you may ask, are not Catholics unanimous in advocating the only policy which will ensure the defeat of Hitler?

Catholics, like other Isolationists, are influenced by the widespread belief that Hitler is invincible, by the failure of the first world-war "to make the world safe for democracy," by the ineptitude of our handling of the Debt question, by our alleged ingratitude, by the occasional *obiter dicta* of such Englishmen as enjoy insulting America (the fact that many Americans enjoy insulting England is overlooked), and by the dread of Communism.

The ex-Ambassador, Mr. Kennedy, a Catholic from Boston, has done his best to convince Big Business that England will go Red, and that America has nothing to gain by substituting a Communist for a Nazi hegemony over Europe. He has not been altogether successful, for there is less Isolationism among the rich than among the poor. Racial sympathies have proved stronger than fear of Socialism or of war taxation among the Anglo-Dutch descendants of the Colonial aristocracy. None the less, the belief that England is on the verge of a Socialist revolution is one of the greatest assets of the Isolationists.

Apart from the considerations which affect Isolationists, irrespective of creed, Catholics are influenced by the fact that Ireland, Germany and Italy are the mother countries of the overwhelming majority of American Catholics. The Polish-American Catholics are, of course, Interventionist. The Irish are still the dominant factor in the American Catholicism, and it is an over-simplification to explain their deep-seated prejudice against England solely in terms of Cromwell and the Black and Tans. The Irish immigrant who exchanged a Protestant landowner for a Puritan factory employer in a Boston factory had no reason to love the American variety of Protestant ascendancy. Long after the Irish had captured the political control of Boston the old Puritan aristocracy maintained their social hegemony. The attitude of the Boston Irish to this war is determined not by England, but by New England. Any cause which the old Puritan aristocracy espouses is suspect in their eyes. It is significant that Mgr. Joseph Hurley, Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida, who was for years attached to the Vatican should be a vigorous supporter of Mr. Roosevelt. "Peace, as I have described it," he said, "may be the last refuge in this country of the Nazi propandist."

The Protestant Ascendancy still controls the principal Federal appointments. "If an office," writes André Siegfried in his discerning book *America Comes of Age*, "carries with it political and social prestige, British origin is, if not an essential, certainly an advantage." Anti-Catholic bigotry kept Mr. Al Smith out of the Presidency, and still keeps many gifted Catholics out of positions to which they are entitled on their merits.

The Irish have always tried to discover a concordat with the Anglo-Americans on the basis of a common hostility to England, but the flood of Italian and Slav immigration in the nineteenth century undermined the traditional hostilities, and reinforced the determination of the dominant groups to keep America Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. The immigrant quotas were rigged with this end in view. Then came the Great War and racial sympathies with England proved decisive. In the Isolationist reaction, the Irish-Americans felt themselves in step with the rest of the country, as they did after the American Revolution, and are naturally exasperated to discover that racial sympathies are once again proving decisive. Admittedly doubts as to the chances of defending America against an all-conquering Hitler are the decisive factor, but these doubts would not have sufficed to pass the Lend-Lease Bill but for the support of the "Solid South," the white population of which is overwhelming English in background. Gallup Polls recorded a 75 per cent. majority for Lend-Lease in the South as against less than 50 per cent. in the Middle West.

The more thoughtful and educated of the Irish-Americans do not hate England, and are rather bored by the ranting of the professional Hibernians. There is every hope of burying, once and for all, the old feud. Much depends on our ability to remember that we are not only a Protestant, but also a Catholic power, and that our Dominions owe a great deal to the energy and ability of Irish-Americans. The Irish-Americans will not succeed in preventing American intervention, but they may, if we are foolish, destroy that Anglo-American co-operation after the war upon which the future security of our country and of Europe depends.

ARNOLD LUNN

QUEER CUSTOMERS

"You," said the girl in the tobacco shop, as she handed me a box of fifty of my favourite cigarettes, "are a regular customer. I kept these for you." This was said in a loud, clear voice so that the woman behind me should not feel aggrieved at being offered her choice between ten of the worst and ten of the second worst cigarettes ever manufactured even in wartime. "How just that is!" I thought; "after all, it is the first duty of a shop to look after the needs of its regular customers and to prevent its stock from being raided by casual customers who go from place to place buying enough cigarettes to last them a month. That woman behind me," I told myself, "was almost certainly a hoarder." And I went off with a pleasant sense of well-being in having been accorded the privilege of a regular customer.

The next day I was in another part of London and went into a shop where I am not known. "Sorry, no cigarettes," said the girl behind the counter. I felt sure she was lying and there were plenty of cigarettes hidden under the counter and reserved for a privileged few. I called at two other shops, and in each of them I was told the same story: "Sorry, no cigarettes"; and in each of them I was convinced that the shop-assistant had plenty of cigarettes, but not to be handed out to casual customers like me. "How monstrously unjust!" I thought. "Here are shops licensed to sell tobacco to the general public; yet they refuse to sell me cigarettes simply because I am not one of their regular customers. After all, more than 50 per cent. of the people who buy cigarettes in peace-time are casual customers, and the casual customer has as much right to the necessaries of life as the regular customer with his mean, ingratiating smile. Think," I adjured myself, "of all the commercial travellers who go from town to town and cannot buy cigarettes because they are not regular customers. I have heard of a man who was unable to buy a single cigarette during three days of travel. The situation," I said, though not aloud, "is a scandal. It means that in order to buy cigarettes you must belong to a privileged minority." And I went to my office fuming.

Strange how egotism influences our outlook on life. While I enjoyed the privileges of a regular customer, my ego was contented—nay, elated,—and if I had been walking in a meadow at the time, my feet would undoubtedly have left the daisies rosy. I felt that for the moment all was right with the world. When, on the other hand, I sank into the unprivileged position of a casual customer, my ego was wounded, and I became acutely aware of the inequalities of life that favours one man above his deserts and leaves another man, equally deserving or more so, out in the cold. Whether I was more of an egotist in my elation or in my indignation I cannot tell; but I suspect that my sense of injustice on being refused cigarettes was due in some measure to the fact that I was not treated as one of the privileged.

Privilege—how pleasant a thing it is for the privileged! One's first taste of it, perhaps, comes in early life on one's birthday. On that blessed day, for the waking part of twenty-four hours, one is treated as a prince—the pick of the family. There is a conspiracy to make one happy, to bring one gifts, to load the tea-table with a royalty of sweet things. For the day the human race is deferential as to an Eastern potentate. It is almost like being a dictator; and, if the pleasures of dictatorship did not exclude so many other pleasures both for the dictator and for other people, there would be a good deal to be said for being a dictator.

Next to the egocentric happiness of having a birthday during childhood comes the equally egocentric happiness of going on a visit to relations in the country. There, too, one's natural selfishness is stroked at every turn. Aunts and cousins set themselves out to feed one as hedgesparrows feed a voracious young cuckoo that has made a mortuary of their young. I was never an enormous eater by instinct, but on my visits to my relations I experienced most of the delights of gluttony, eyeing a longed-for cake before I was halfway through the cake I was eating, and always being given the cake I wanted, though my cousins must have regarded it with equal longing. That, it seems to me, is one of the occasions of supreme happiness at the table—to enjoy not only what one is eating, but what one means to eat next and to get this. And then, when there is only one piece of the perfect cake on the table left, and when all the young eyes round the table are fixed on it, to be given this and to be able to eat it without scruple—this it is to enjoy the bliss of privilege.

At school there are fewer opportunities of becoming a favourite of fortune. No schoolmaster, at least, so far as my experience goes, ever awards a first prize to a boy who has not earned it. Nor does even the saintliest schoolmaster make such discriminating announcements in class as: "All boys whose surnames begin with the letter Y may smoke." Schoolmasters may have their favourites, but only within reason, and I was never one of them. They have mechanical minds that idealise a world in which all boys arrive in the morning in obedience to the clock and all come equally well prepared with their scraps of Sir Walter Scott and Julius Caesar. The only privilege I enjoyed at school was the privilege—seized by myself—of escaping from its gates before the last class of the day in time for the matinée at the Theatre Royal.

Few privileges came my way, indeed, in early life. There was a ticket for the ceremony at which the Duke of Clarence laid the foundation stone of the Albert Bridge: that was better than nothing. Better than this, however, was the ticket for a press seat at an International Rugby match between Scotland and Ireland, at which, through the devices of a friend, I was alleged to represent the *Tyrone Courier*. There is nothing like tickets of the right sort for giving human beings a sense of belonging to the privileged few. That is why men and women with their badges look so happy in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. That is why so many people, even in these days of democratised parties, like to be invited to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. The unprivileged are also happy on such occasions, for next to the pleasure of being privileged is the pleasure of staring at the privileged.

As a member of the unprivileged class, I got a good deal of pleasure myself from staring at the more fortunate. Sitting in the gallery in the theatre, I could enjoy the spectacle of the stalls filling as though a stream of awakened Sleeping Beauties and strong clean-limbed Englishmen were pouring into their tip-up seats. I was doubly happy in the theatre in those days. Then I became a privileged person—a dramatic critic on a paper, which only sexagenarians, septuagenarians, octogenarians, nonagenarians and centenarians can now remember—and the stage lost half its enchantment for me. I ought to have said to myself: "How lucky am I to have a free pass into paradise!" and I said it to myself for the first ten plays or so. But after that the badness of the bad plays, which one would never have seen if one had not been a dramatic critic, became odiously obvious, and the people at a first night in the stalls seen from a seat in the stalls were extraordinarily and unpleasantly unlike the people at a first night in the stalls seen from a seat in the gallery. That was my first serious disillusionment about the delight of being a privileged person. I tried various ways out of going to first nights, such as going to second nights or to Saturday matinées; but even then my innate love of the theatre wilted, and it revived only some years later when I returned to a seat in the gallery from which I could look down on the enviably privileged.

Not that I have ever ceased to appreciate the nice savours of privilege. I like as well as anybody else to sit in a car owned by a diplomat who, by showing a magic badge, can not only win smiling salutes from the police, but can persuade them to put an end to traffic hold-ups and to allow him—and me—priority of movement above the vulgar. One enjoys a Royal-Box kind of feeling as one is waved and wafted ahead. I have experienced it too seldom, but on the first occasion on which one experiences it, especially after a good lunch, one is, as the moderns say, on top of the world.

Another great pleasure of privilege is to be met at the Customs by an official—especially an aide-de-camp—who taps one's baggage and with a nod passes it through the barriers unexamined while the unprivileged herd remains behind to expose its wretched wardrobe to eyes searching for cocaine and silk stockings. I have entered two countries with this delicious ease. These are things that remain in the memory.

The pleasures of privilege, however, are, I think, more widely spread than is generally recognised. Every gardener has the sense of being privileged when he grows an enormous vegetable marrow: he feels that he is somehow one of Nature's favourites. Happy egotism is probably commoner in the world of gardening than even in the race for social success or for wealth. The gardener who has grown good cos lettuces in spite of a drought feels, no less than the aristocrat, that he is one of the chosen few, or, as the Belfast pub-crawler Spoonerised it, one of the frozen chew. Fate may not have been over-kind to us, but to most of us she has given some cause to boast—some privilege above our neighbours—whether to have grown a gigantic marrow or to have been somewhere or to have seen something or to have been thrown out of a music-hall on boat-race night. We can abolish social privilege, but we shall never be able to abolish psychological privilege. Under which heading the joy of getting cigarettes as a regular customer comes I cannot quite decide.

Y. Y.

GUSTAV MAHLER

It is a subject for regret that Molière did not add to his gallery of tragi-comic portraits one which he could have called *Le Malheureux*. First cousin to the misanthropic Alceste, he is born, in poverty, to parents who hate one another and batten upon his childish feelings to appease their own emotional hunger. His brothers and sisters commit suicide, go mad, or become inveterate liars. Besieged by the raw miseries of a family hostility aggravated by the intensity of the Jewish temperament, he takes refuge with his mother, and she with him. With adolescence the claims of genius supervene to complicate matters—to divide the soul against itself with contrary desires, to fan fires of self-pity and megalomania, to drive the pugnacious artist out against the Philistines, and the shrinking child back to his mother—who is no longer there. Genius and strength of character, fostered by a clever, self-abnegating wife, at last win; but the nostalgia remains: he is never at ease with himself, he must always be fighting, if not against the enemy outside then against the one within.

Such is the story of the Unhappy, the Unlucky One; it is also, allowing for the foreshortening entailed by brevity, the story of a great man and artist who died just thirty years ago: Gustav

Mahler. The death-mask is characteristically deceptive: "Here," one would say, noting the aggressive nose (but it is also Chopin's), the haughty, commanding set of the head, "lies a man of action—some general, some political idealist." And in a sense one would be right, for Mahler's career at the Vienna Opera, with its perpetual rows and interruptions and tiltings at the crazy old windmill of courtly tradition, was essentially the history of a struggle on behalf of all that was new and progressive and against all that was merely conventional. For this fiery, compulsive little man, with his masochistic instinct for martyrdom, was the sworn enemy of the Easy. Never sparing himself, he demanded the utmost from others, in time, money, patience, imagination; and got it. Under his direction the Vienna Opera achieved the most remarkable renascence any opera house had known since Weimar in the days of Liszt—a renascence distinguished by an entirely new standard in decor and in the production of Wagner and Mozart. Homogeneity of effect was Mahler's aim, and he achieved it to a degree unheard of before in the history of opera.

I shall not need to insist on how much there was of naïve egotism in this pugnacious reformer. The acridity of his youth produced a man whose soul was continuously alive with intimations of beauty; who responded more sharply to that beauty as revealed in Nature than as displayed in Man; whose sense of duty and responsibility was of that high order which commands love and respect; and who in private life was of the most tender and affectionate disposition. It also gave rise to a character whose primness, touchiness, didacticism and lack of humour were as great a drawback to success in his later American engagements as they were during his tenure of office in Vienna. Any sexual irregularity aroused his furious disapproval—an attitude perhaps natural in one whose father had been a sensual brute and who as a boy had been witness of the fact. His sensitiveness made exhausting demands on the very remarkable qualities of his wife. His aptitude for laying down the law and refusing to listen to others laid him open to a needless amount of hostility. And when his wife was in the agonies of childbirth Mahler could think of nothing better to distract her mind than to read Kant aloud to her! The memoirs of his widow, from which these features are gathered, build up a very striking portrait, the lines of which, though drawn with love, admiration and understanding, have been sharpened by the half-tender exasperation and resentment always left behind them by egotists, once the compelling power of their physical presence has faded.

As a composer Mahler took over the Austrian heritage when it was about to fall into deliquescence. Thus it is was inevitable that the melodiousness and emotional simplicity of Schubert should have found in him a natural heir, though the lost paradise of childhood was in any case an integral part of the German Romantic vision, of which Mahler, like Schumann, was an adept. This lovely wilderness he proceeded to make peculiarly and exquisitely his own. It is thoroughly explored in the Fourth Symphony and it guides a lonely nightlight through the five darkened rooms of the *Kindertotenlieder*. For moments of cheerfulness there were the military marches so frequently played all over the old empire—strains which came back to Mahler with a (to my mind) rather unfortunate facility during the planning of symphonic first movements. And for dramatic poignancy there was Wagner, whom he "loved without reserve," and for pathos Tchaikovsky—a kindred spirit whose long-drawn *appoggiature* find an echo in Mahler's most beautiful and characteristic music—above all in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony. Yet it would be as great a mistake to conclude from all this that Mahler was an eclectic as to echo the usual assertion that he would have been better advised to stick to song-writing and leave the larger forms alone. The first ignores, or fails to perceive, the absolutely individual quality of his thematic (and later his harmonic) utterance—the expression of an intense, lonely suffering that sought and found no appeasement in life itself; the second assumes that he could not manage the form he chose and so produced symphonies that are shapeless and tediously lengthy; and finally, that Mahler was the helpless slave of the Tremendous. To these accusations it can be replied first, that a sense of tedium in music is nearly always due to ill-made transitions and lack of forward movement—faults sometimes exemplified by Schubert and almost invariably by Bruckner, but by Mahler only in his worst, because most pretentious, work, the Second Symphony. Mahler's music is sometimes offensive, when the accents of self-pity brim over into downright sentimentality; but I contend that it is *never* boring. The length of his largest movements—e.g. the last of *Das Lied von der Erde*, the first of the Ninth Symphony—is inherent in the lay-out, the ABABA scheme which involves a double recapitulation of the material in the exposition (or of most of it). This far exploration of ideas is deeply rooted in the Viennese tradition: the seeds of it can be found in Haydn, the branches in Beethoven, the flowers in Mahler and Brahms.

To make such claims as these does not involve blinking Mahler's faults, copiously illustrated as these are in the Second and Eighth Symphonies. Like many Teutonic (and Jewish) artists, Mahler was uncertain in his taste. "The artist," he remarked, "is like a hunter in the dark—he does not know whether he has hit his mark or what it may be": an opinion to which no Frenchman would subscribe, but natural enough in one who was a passionate admirer of Strauss's *Salome* and himself not above using material that was unworthy of the occasion. The same uncertainty produced the arch, teashop chinoiserie which disfigures the central portions of *Das Lied von der Erde*, and those dreadful mandolines in the last section. Again, his orchestration, though always of fascinating interest, can be very impure—too full of mixed timbres and of a distracting elaboration. Yet he is never stodgy, as Brahms and Bruckner often are, and he always avoids the noisy confusion and flashy cleverness that dog the footsteps of Strauss.

Professor Mosco Carner has pointed out that the four-movement scheme can be discerned behind the six sections of *Das Lied*; but it is clear throughout Mahler's development that he was dissatisfied with sonata-form as he found it. What he sought was a new balance of forces within the movement and a new poetic effect from the contrast of parts in the whole; that is why *Das Lied* and the Ninth Symphony both end with an Adagio. Sometimes the experiment was a failure: few would contend that the two movements of the Eighth fit well together; and there is a significant anecdote, reminiscent of Berlioz's experiments, of the huge drum that Mahler had made for the Finale of the Sixth, which simply gave no sound at all!

A supreme poet of *Weltschmerz*, Mahler could hardly be called a bracing composer: his tremendous courage all went into his life. But in his best work—in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, in *Das Lied von der Erde*, the *Kindertotenlieder* and that meltingly beautiful song, "I am Loosed from the World," he attained a final precision in the expression of a pure nostalgia—for the low ceilings, the fields and woods of childhood, with its unambiguous affections, its stilled terrors and sharp, fleeting ecstasies. There is nothing in music quite like those strange works, for never has an emotion of such manifold innocence been entrusted to so elaborate and sophisticated a machinery of expression as Mahler's.

Of his influence I have no room to speak in detail. Without the last works of Mahler, Atonalism would hardly have developed as it did; and quite recently at least two young English composers with something of their own to say, Benjamin Britten and Lennox Berkeley, have not been ashamed to display practically their admiration of and indebtedness to a composer whose work the B.B.C., announcing its parsimonious contribution to his anniversary, stated to be most of it "preposterously dull." Mahler is in some sort the Berlioz of this century, and I am persuaded that eventually the B.B.C. attitude towards his music will seem as ignorant and fatuous to the majority of musical people as, say, Edward Dannreuther's estimate of Berlioz would seem to them now.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Guests of Honour"

Guests of Honour is a documentary film produced by Cavalcanti, whose talent we would gaily back against anything Hollywood can show. Danischewsky assists, Roy Pitt directs, Frank Owen and Michael Foot provide the commentary. The result a little inferior to *Britain Can Take It* and *Target for To-night*. The Ministry of Information would have justified its cost if it had done nothing but make these films possible. *Guests of Honour* shows the Germans spreading over the European map like a skin disease, the oppression that is called the New Order, the resistance of this country, and the Free Forces of six occupied countries active in London. Extracts from German newsreels alternate with shots in London pubs; the commentary is telling and well delivered; the music well chosen, especially a quotation from Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary." It may fairly be objected, however, that too small a proportion of the film is given to the Free Forces from which it takes its title. Why are there no shots of the French in Libya, the Dutch in their Indies, the Belgians in the Congo, the Norwegians in their ships, the Poles in their aeroplanes? A film on this subject remains to be made, and one hopes that Cavalcanti will be given the job.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 23rd—
- Books and Freedom Exhibition, Central Library, Tottenham Lane, N.8. Admission Free. Daily 9-7 (Thurs. 9-1) till Sept. 5th. Not Sundays.
- Fred Messer, M.P.: "The Purpose of the Fellowship Within the Labour Party," Dick Sheppard Club, Binney Street, W.1, 2.30.
- Mary Bonin, Soprano, St. Stephen's Church, Pond Street, N.W.3, 3.

MONDAY, August 25th—
- The Hon. Mrs. Earl: "Refugees and War Effort"; Dr. W. Breslauer: "Programme of the 'Association,'" Meeting Hall, Woburn House, W.C.1, 6.

TUESDAY, August 26th—
- Eugenics Society Luncheon. Miss H. Holland: "Family Planning in War Time," Pinoli's Restaurant, 3s. 6d., 1.
- Exhibition of Soviet Life. Opening by Madame Maisky, 3. Daily (except Sundays) 11-6 till Sept. 6th. Suffolk Galleries, S.W.1. Lectures, etc., from 6.30. Information: S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1.

WEDNESDAY, August 27th—
- Institut Francais, Queensberry Place, S.W.7: "Une Heure de Musique," 5.30.

THURSDAY, August 28th—
- Prof. A. Meusel: "Russo-German Relations since 1917," 36a, Upper Park Rd., N.W.3, 6.30.

FRIDAY, August 29th—
- Heinrich Fraenkel: "The Future of Germany," 12 Great Newport Street, W.C.2, 7.
- Dr. J. M. Batista i Roca: "Romanesque Art in Catalonia," 22 Petersburgh Place, W.2, 7

Correspondence

END OF ECONOMIC PARENTHOOD

SIR,—May I add to R. M. Titmuss's article on "The End of Economic Parenthood" some reflections on the implications of population trends?

A demographic revolution is in progress. Stage 1 was the conscious reduction of premature death; stage 2 the conscious reduction of human fertility. Stage 3 will have to be conscious action to guide population trends in socially desirable directions. In the past death has been the prime regulator of human numbers—premature death caused by famine, disease or infanticide (with war and abstention from sexual intercourse as secondary controls). Among the white peoples stage 1 of the demographic revolution began about six generations ago; stage 2 began within living memory. In the past 300 years world population has multiplied itself by four, but the reduction of avoidable deaths among white peoples has increased their numbers *sevenfold*. From being less than one-fifth they have grown to more than one-third of the human race. Excluding the U.S.S.R. death control has been carried so far that the main regulator of human numbers is now fertility. The size of most white populations now mainly depends on how many babies are born, and only secondarily on the number of avoidable deaths. Conscious reduction of fertility (stage 2) is important, because in Western and Northern Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand it has gone far enough to make cessation of natural population growth unavoidable, while the remaining white communities—outside the U.S.S.R.—are fast approaching the same position.

For the rest of humanity untimely death remains the main regulator of numbers, but stage 1 of the demographic revolution is well under way in the U.S.S.R. and Japan. Great reductions of premature mortality have been achieved in Russia, but she is still far from overtaking Western Europe. With 36 per cent. of its population under 15, with a birth-rate only just beginning to fall in a few areas and no essential reason why it should ever fall as far as in the capitalist West, Soviet population is growing at a rate of 30 per cent. per generation and may number 300 millions by the end of the century. Japan has entered upon stage 2, but otherwise resembles Russia in its survival rates and age structure. Continued growth of Japanese numbers for many years is certain, although overcrowding, limited resources and her economic system impose limits on the expansion of Japan which are not applicable to Russia. India has immense possibilities of expansion. A rise in the female expectation of life at birth from 23 to 27 years between 1911 and 1931 was accompanied by a population increase of 37.5 millions, in spite of the fact that in 1931 only 57 per cent. of girls born survived to the age of 15 and only 26.5 per cent. to 45. Since 1931 Indian population has gained another 47 millions, and every advance in sanitation and medicine is likely to stimulate further growth, perhaps also at a rate of 30 to 40 per cent. per generation. According to Carr-Saunders, China is probably near to a Malthusian limit of population: it is possible that mortality is at present too high to permit much increase in numbers.

The great expansion of the white bearers of "Western Civilisation" since the Renaissance is at an end. Its revolutionising impact caused plenty of friction in the world. Is the world stage now set for new types of frictions as one after another the major Asiatic populations embark upon the expansive stage 1 of their demographic revolution? Asia, excluding the U.S.S.R., has 1,125 million people crowded on to 27 million square kilometres of territory; in the U.S.S.R. 170 million people occupy 21 million square kilometres; in the remaining "Western World" 680 million people live on 55 million square kilometres. In the next two generations the likelihood is (*a*) that population in the prosperous "Western World" will be almost stationary; (*b*) that the U.S.S.R. will fill its ample lands up to something like U.S.A. population density; (*c*) that the remainder of the human race—numbering perhaps two-thirds of the total—will become increasingly overcrowded in the Asiatic slum areas, but increasingly less disposed to lead miserable lives at the mercy of famine, flood, pestilence and imperialism.

To anticipate these new demographic problems the coming generation will have to inaugurate stage 3 of the demographic revolution: the adoption of conscious policies to influence population trends and to redistribute population rationally. Population policy will have to *stimulate* human fertility in Western Europe, not as part of a "geopolitical" armaments race, but simply because the ageing process inseparable from declining numbers will land us in big socio-economic difficulties if it proceeds unchecked for one more generation. But in countries like India and China population policy will have to aim at *reduction* of human fertility as a major instrument of social advance. An economically unified Europe might need no more than 50 years of hard work to help the Indian masses create for themselves the material, cultural and moral bases of a life of elementary security. But the process will take centuries if every year added to the average Indian's expectation of life adds 10 or 15 million new mouths to those already waiting to be fed. Even in the Soviet Union rapidly expanding numbers, except in the at present all important military sense, may have hindered rather than helped the enhancement of welfare.

Death control makes birth control quite inevitable. But "birth control" continues to mean excessive birth avoidance rather than rational family planning essentially because of the frustration of parenthood by the immorality of a social order which equates success with private possessions instead of with social achievements. I cannot see an end to these frustrations until the moral atmosphere of some sort of socialist economy, based on co-operative rivalry in the public service, replaces the destructive acquisitive competitiveness, the blind hunt for security or profits, of our capitalist economy. The achievement of socialism "in our time" is vital, because human mastery of world demographic trends is bound up with man's making himself master of his economic life, because misuse of the new freedom to plan parenthood is bound up with the wider misuse of science for anti-social ends and its frustration as an instrument of human welfare. The white peoples cannot abdicate their duty of world leadership, because they are responsible for the inter-acting development of science and capitalism which in six generations has set in motion a *world* revolution in economic relations, productive techniques and attitudes to life. They are "masters of technique." The issue confronting them is whether the terrifying new powers put at their disposal by science shall be concentrated in the hands of small cliques of "sub-men" who will stop at nothing in the pursuit of personal ends, or whether they shall be vested in the community of free citizens capable of using them to enhance human welfare and personal liberty. It may take the "Western World" another generation to make this moral choice. Mankind's future will depend on the outcome, because our mastery of technique is relentlessly driving humanity in the direction of *world* government and *world* planning.

FRANÇOIS LAFITTE

RUSSIAN BROADCASTS

SIR,—In your last week's issue Occasional Londoner paid a well-deserved tribute to the Russian broadcasts, and in particular to the Russian appeals to wives of German soldiers on the Russian front. He then added a question whether it was too much to hope that our own propaganda should occasionally take a leaf out of the Russian book. I do not know how much Occasional Londoner listens himself either to the B.B.C. German broadcasts or to the Moscow German broadcasts—the two Moscow items he quotes were both published in the British press. I happen to listen to the 7 p.m. B.B.C German programme fairly regularly, and also to the 2 p.m. programme for German women. During the last fortnight I have heard appeals made from London on precisely the lines which Occasional Londoner desires, but whereas our broadcasts to Germany are rarely reprinted in the press, Russian broadcasts are news for British papers. I fancy that this accounts for Occasional Londoner's entirely false impression that the B.B.C. is failing to underline the "human suffering and misery that the Russian war is causing."

I am sure that those in charge of German broadcasts are only too willing to take a leaf out of the Russian book, and I know from listening to them that the Russians are equally ready to take a leaf out of the London book. Surely it would be a good thing, before comparing London and Moscow, to listen to both? Possibly Occasional Londoner might find himself agreeably surprised at the discovery that London as well as Moscow can do good propaganda as well as bad.

GERMAN LISTENER

EDUCATION

SIR,—In his review of "The End of the Old School Tie" by T. C. Worsley, Mr. Joad says very rightly that "Never have intellectuals been so impotent or so suspect." It is to be regretted that he himself in the same review exemplifies one of the reasons for this. For in discussing the important matter of educational reform he endorses several notions of the author calculated either to obstruct or to prevent such reform. These range from the trivial to the serious. There is a simple answer to the question, "why should less money be spent on the education of children of 10, who are just as hard to teach, than on that of children of 16?" The latter require more books, more material, more apparatus, more space for games, etc., per head, because they are larger, older, do more science, languages, different practical work, and so on. People who think this isn't so, had better spend six months teaching ten-year olds and then six-months with 16-year olds.

Mr. Worsley, and as far as I can make out, Mr. Joad, wants, "as a necessary preliminary to be taken in hand *now*, the abolition of all private education under the age of 11." This is the sort of crying for the moon which damns the intellectuals straightway. Instead of concentrating on improving the State schools so as to make them satisfactory in themselves and increasingly successful competitors of the private schools, they go out of their way in the interests of their ideal to stir up every sort of opposition. Not having yet succeeded in abolishing classes of over 50 or of getting large numbers of most unsuitable school buildings replaced or reconstructed, they solemnly propose to force large numbers of upper- and middle-class children into a system their parents, relatives and friends don't like at the best and hate at the worst. How is this miracle to be accomplished?

Mr. Joad's conclusion that there should be a Royal Commission on Education now is excellent, even though the history of Royal Commissions is generally lamentable. But one condition (I admit, miraculous) for its success would be that no single member of it had ever been professionally connected with education. When it had thoroughly grilled the professional witnesses, its report should be worth something, and practicable.

HILDERIC COUSENS

SIR,—There are many like myself who have been to Public Schools and while believing in them as institutions, deplore a system where money gives one class the right to one particular form of education. We turn to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for guidance, and read there so many prejudiced and frankly untrue statements about public schools given as premisses, that we are compelled to sigh and dismiss the rest of the writers' arguments as the outpourings of prejudiced theorists.

There is one point which must be made and to which your reformers must find an answer if they are to convince us that the State can provide as good an education as the best public schools. The point is this: What do I want education to do for my son? I want him to be at eighteen a healthy youth, who has been taught to think clearly, distinguish between right and wrong, get on with his fellows, and who has had whatever artistic faculties he possesses encouraged and developed. In fact, his education should prepare him for a full, happy life. This, I feel sure, is the view of the average thinking parent.

Now, if I send him to a good public school I know one thing, that is that the teaching will not be tendentious. The headmaster says in effect to his staff: "I don't care what your political opinions or religious views may be, but keep them outside the class-room." True Religion and Sound Learning is the essence of the Arnold tradition. (Arnold was considered a great revolutionary in his day.) I may or may not be a Christian, but as a parent I am perfectly happy if the background of my boy's education should be the Christian code of living; and if his teachers accept this code as their standard of behaviour, as a parent I am well content.

On the other hand, if I send him to a State school, with great benefit to my pocket, as a parent I am sure of nothing. He may be taught history by a pacifist, economics by a fascist, English by a communist and scripture (40 minutes a week) by

an Oxford groupist—and all these people eager to make converts. I don't want my son to have all these various doctrines pumped into him during his most impressionable years. If people want to experiment in education let them do it on other people's sons. So, I'd rather make the financial sacrifice and send him to a sound public school until the State schools can give him as healthy a background to life as the Arnold tradition provides.

It is for this reason, and no reason of snobbery or class distinction, that I would send my son to a public school. I have never seen this point raised in your paper or in any other.

Appletree Cottage, J. M. BRUCE LOCKHART
Charlton,
Nr. Andover, Hants.

THE FUTURE OF THE RHODESIAS

SIR,—You drew attention last week to the recent speech of the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia who again is urging that the amalgamation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland should be proceeded with. He left London soon after war broke out with no promise that the findings of the Royal Commission would be set on one side. He has since indicated that the door to further discussion of amalgamation remains open. That view was recently accepted in Parliament. The last speech of Sir Godfrey Huggins asked for a conference of the three territories with a view to working out a constitution now.

The British Government must not be allowed to slip into a surrender of our repsonsibilities in Northern Rhodesia even if we have drifted for practical purposes into a renunciation of them in Southern Rhodesia. I will not repeat the weighty reasons why amalgamation of the three areas must not happen in present circumstances. I would point out that Sir Godfrey Huggins steadily implements his policy of native segregation in conflict with the policy declared as fundamental in British colonial administration. His recent Land Apportionment Bill attempts to complete his land segregation policy. It is discriminatory legislation and the Dominions Office could recommend its disallowance, but already the Bill is an Act. The control of native policy from London is negligible.

Sir Godfrey Huggins, however, is busy. Lord Hailey has been consulted about "native authorities" and a secretariat of the three territories has just been set up to discuss joint action on matters concerned with the war effort. This may be another stage following the useful collaboration initiated by the Governors' Conferences. The opposition of the Africano continues implacable so far as amalgamation is concerned. If we permit it to happen it will be a gross betrayal. Nevertheless, we need something more than a negative answer to the demands of the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia. It must be a vigorous and positive programme of social and economic reconstruction and development in Northern Rhodesia. A. CREECH JONES

House of Commons.

A STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—Your correspondence columns have carried, during the past few weeks, observations by members of the medical profession upon a suggestion of a movement towards a State Medical Service. The following impression of public opinion on this matter may help to balance the picture.

Towards the end of April of this year the British Institute of Public Opinion asked a balanced sample of the British public to indicate its preference for one of the following:—

(*a*) All doctors and hospitals under State control.
(*b*) An extension of the Panel system to include everybody.
(*c*) Having a private doctor whom you pay for his visits and medicine.

It will be noted that the three proposals are graded so that the second (*b*), though not excluding the possibility of private voluntary hospitals, yet expressed a desire for an extension of State organisation to pre-hospital treatment.

A clear majority of the population (55 per cent.) expressed its preference for State control. Thirty per cent. wanted an extended panel system to include everybody, and 15 per cent. preferred private doctors.

It will be seen that there is a total of 85 per cent. for some kind of State organisation of pre-hospital treatment. This is specially significant, in view of frequent criticism which was expressed to our interviewers of certain aspects of the panel system as now operating. A typical comment was: "There is too great a dividing line between doctors' treatment of the panel patient and the paying patient." Other comments revealed certain reservations in the public mind on State control, which may be summed up in the following comment: "Afraid State doctors would be like going to the Relief Doctor. Maybe they would treat us like dirt." As opposed to these fears was the opinion of those favouring State control, expressed in the typical comment: "The voluntary system means hospitals are burdened perpetually with debt, which must hamper efficiency."

As between the different income groups in the country, the higher income groups voted to the extent of 40 per cent. for private doctors, as against 37 per cent. for a State controlled medical system. On the other hand, in both the lower and middle income grouping there was a clear majority for State control and 20 per cent. or under for private doctors. There was a clear difference of opinion between those under fifty and those over fifty. The latter were in favour of State control to the extent of 45 per cent. of this age group, whereas 58 per cent. of those under fifty were in favour of State control. Men were slightly more in favour of State control than women, who, in the same small degree, inclined towards private doctors.

The British Institute of Public Opinion,
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

ARMY ALLOWANCES

SIR,—I have just finished reading the letter sent in by "A Private in the Royal Army Pay Corps." He omits an important instance in which wives of soldiers suffer financially.

Should a soldier be injured and confined to hospital for three weeks, he loses any rank which is not "war substantive."

May I quote my own case as an illustration.

On active service, though not on a specific duty, and through no fault of my own, I was seriously injured. At the time I held the rank of Lance-Sergeant paid, but not "war-substantive." As a result of previous military experience I had been promoted rapidly and had not held any rank for six months. So after three weeks in hospital I was reduced to private: my wife suffered a loss in allowance of about 12*s.* per week.

My own case is only an extreme example of a regular practice. PRIVATE

S. Wales.

THE C.P. LINE

SIR,—I am all in favour of kindness, but in your issue of August 9th "Occasional Londoner" overdoes it. He is overkind to the Communists. Surely there is no need to indulge in self-abasement in welcoming the new Communist "line," or to distort our own past.

On what grounds does he lump together the Appeasers and the critics of the Communists? Most of the former know so little of the latter that while they may condemn them on general principles, the actual political issues are beyond them. The majority of those whose political consciousness causes them to condemn the Communists for their dizzy twists are Socialists.

The Socialist attitude has always been determined by principles, among which may be included opposition to Fascism and to aggression, wherever it may occur, Abyssinia, Spain or Finland. On grounds of principle; not merely political expediency.

The sympathy of Occasional Londoner with the Communists might be a little less wholehearted if it were based on reality, instead of imagination. For example, he says: "Most Communists seem to have been absolutely consistent in their constancy to Socialism." This is not so. A few weeks ago I went to a Communist Party meeting advertised as "The Truth about the U.S.S.R." The speaker was the District Organiser of the C.P. who devoted about three-quarters of his time to a spirited defence of the workers who were alleged to be slacking in docks and factories, and to attacking inefficient management. I waited in vain for the obviously correct Socialist argument—that when production for USE was needed, a capitalist system of production based on the profit motive was bound to be ineffective. Not a word about this emerged.

A few days ago I commented on this to a prominent C.P. official, whose explanation was that there was so much confusion of thought among the Communists at the moment that nobody knew whether it was the correct "line" to talk Socialism now!

This is confirmed by Pollitt, now Secretary of the C.P. again, whose recent letter to his officials urges full support of the Churchill Government without reservations. Indeed he goes so far as to rebuke "certain Labour elements" who cannot forget their political principles.

Is this "constancy to Socialism"? Perhaps "Occasional Londoner" will enlighten me on what he thinks "Socialism" means. SOLDIER

DOCTORS IN WARTIME

SIR,—In reply to the letter of a Polish Doctor, I do not claim to be a "competent person" to investigate the current belief that there is a shortage of doctors in England. I can only state the facts as known to me, the wife of a general practitioner working in a badly blitzed London area.

My husband's practice has virtually disappeared, the rich to safer areas, and the poor because they have nowhere to live. He cannot therefore make a living, and spends his days in a very unwilling idleness. Our neighbour and colleague, who has lately been decorated for bravery in a blitz, has filed his petition for bankruptcy.

Both are young men and have tried in vain either to get into the services or to obtain any medical work at all that will enable them to make ends meet.

We await with impatience some sign of the coming of a public medical service. G.P.'s WIFE

SIR,—The letter from a "Polish Doctor" in your issue of August 9th was very interesting. That there should be this deplorable waste of brains, during a time when every person in the country knows that, for the civilian population at least, there is a shortage of doctors, is nothing short of criminal.

That this is bound up with the whole medical and social system being practised to-day is plain. Under a scheme from a London hospital, my wife has just been evacuated prior to having a baby. From London she has gone to a place which is a fourpenny bus ride from one of the most bombed towns in the country, and incidentally near to an airfield, with the consequent low flying of planes day and night. Having contented ourselves that all financial calls have been more or less adequately settled, my wife is informed that the charge in the maternity home will be £3 10*s.* per week and *she will not have the services of a doctor*, but only a midwife. If a doctor is required the charge will be extra.

I sent my wife in the first place to a hospital because I considered that there she would get the best treatment, and secondly, I wished her to be evacuated, at the request of the Government, and get her away from any danger.

That there is a shortage of doctors in this particular district seems pretty obvious, complete of course with a glorious muddle. That refugee doctors would be helpful in cases like this seems pretty obvious to me, and I certainly think that it is about time they were allowed to carry on their good work.

E. L. CHAPMAN

THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY

SIR,—Mr. Georg Troeltsch, in his review of *Thus Spake Germany*, writes:—

> Peoples can be re-educated if they educate themselves. Was not nineteenth-century France war-minded under two dictators? And has France not undergone a profound change, too? What applies to France might also apply to a future Germany.

The comparison is misleading. In the first place France, even while "war-minded," was civilised. The Napoleonic armies carried a gospel of freedom and progress through Europe, not mass-murder and destruction. Secondly, the "profound change" which France has undergone is not due to a change of heart, but is the result of defeat and of declining power. In 1815, barring Russia, France had by far the largest population in Europe—almost three times that of Prussia, and two and a half times that of Great Britain (without Ireland). If a way is found to place Germany in such a position of numerical and military inferiority as France has been since 1871, we may expect a "change of heart," not otherwise. L. B. NAMIER

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FOR the civilised man the psychological novel has been a most fascinating and flattering mirror, and egoism the delightful subject, *par excellence*. But from Constant to Joyce and Proust the analysis of motive or of sensation has inevitably suffered from scientific priggishness and preciosity. Humour, in the sense of forgiveness, has not been the dominant trait. True there is excellent humorous writing in Proust and Joyce, but the sustained note of those writers does not come from the dry, skipping fiddle strings of the comedians and buffoons. On the contrary, pitiless diagnosis is the note of Proust; and Joyce is driven on not by laughter but by a dishevelled hatred of the root of life. The elements of disappointment and frustration seem to be inherent in the psychological approach, no doubt because the assumption that we stand alone is fallacious. And in the novelists who have isolated themselves or their subjects, we cannot but observe that the analysis of character or sensation tends to degenerate into the desiccation of character; the surgery upon motives turns into a medical search for the mean and monstrous ones.

To those who are in danger of reacting too violently against the great botanists of our hidden flora, I recommend the cure offered by the works of Italo Svevo. Here is laughter at last. Here Hamlet raises a smile, Oedipus is teased away from his fate like some figure of light opera, the *malade imaginaire* of the fag-end of the Romantic movement is made to get out of bed and run about in his pyjamas. The absurdities of life rescue us from the illusions of the intellect, from the grim stepmotherdom of our egoism and our brains. I do not mean that Svevo is a mere *farceur*. He is far from that. He is no less sensitive or subtle in the elucidation of our feelings than the great botanists. The advantage of his laughter is that it makes his science humane and prevents his intelligence from dragging up our moral roots. And this is a point of huge importance to the development of the psychological novel. Over and over again we feel in such novels that the novelist is too knowingly superior to his people, his intelligence is too penetrating for the muddle of human nature. We suspect the sin of pride. That sin is entirely absent from the work of Svevo. He is the first of the psychological novelists to be beatified by a spirit of humility which recalls the battered but serene humility of *Don Quixote*, the humility of the great comic writers.

Very little is known in England about the life of Italo Svevo. Such information as we have comes from the introductions to his novels which were translated in the late Twenties, and from the brother of James Joyce, who knew him well in Trieste. Joyce is said to have put something of Svevo into the portrait of Leopold Blum. Svevo's real name was Ettore Schmitz; he was born in 1861 and died in 1928. He lived most of his life in Trieste and was half Italian, half Austrian by origin. At the age of 32 he published his first novel, *Una Vita*, which was well received; five years later another novel, entitled *Senilità*, which was totally ignored. The fact that Svevo wrote in an Italian speckled by the impurities of the Trentino dialect, was against him. He gave up literature for a business career in which he was very successful. Not until he was in his sixties did he write *La Coscienza di Zeno* (in English, *The Confessions of Zeno*), his most remarkable work, which he is said to have dashed off in a fortnight. The writing of this book and the fame it brought to Svevo are partly due to the encouragement of Joyce, who, as an English teacher in Trieste, had by chance been engaged by the business-man to teach him English. In his life Svevo seems to have been robust, genial, solid, successful and urbane, the complete antithesis of Zeno, the brilliant, erratic hypochondriac, who is palmed off with marvellous skill as a self-portrait in *The Confessions*. Perhaps Zeno was the hidden artist, an agile piece of mystification by an expert in loquacity. One can see a clue to the link between the solid Schmitz and the restless forever enquiring and ever-deluded egoism of Zeno in the fact of Svevo's divided birth. He was one of the frontier people of Europe, of divided temperament, and was therefore perfectly fitted for the analytical passion in which one part of our nature sits on the fence and observes the other.

Senilità is itself not a very original book. It is the usual *étude de moeurs* on the favourite Latin theme of the *p'tite maîtresse*, the working-class girl who can be kept cheaply. The interest of the story lies in the humility of Svevo before his characters, a studied naivety which foreshadows the manner of Kafka, his use of the method of unconscious revelation, i.e., of letting people expose themselves, and, finally, his gift of writing epitaphs upon human feeling: "The thought of death is like an attribute of the body, a physical malady. Our will can neither summon it nor drive it away." The underlying subject of *Senilità* is illness—that is to say, the senility or second childishness of the illusions we live by, and this hidden subject gives the commonplace story its curious double plot.

But when *Zeno* was written, thirty years later, it was totally original and mature, and like *Adolphe*, contained the essence of a lifetime. Throwing chronology away, Svevo writes an autobiographical novel divided into subjects. The book is split up into reminiscent essays on his father, his marriage, his mistress and his business partnership, and, naturally, many of the episodes are concurrent. This unconventional method has the attractive carelessness of conversation. Moreover, the story is held together by an amusing framework. Zeno writes in order to debunk his psychoanalyst. According to his analyst, all Zeno's troubles, his troublesome love of his wife's sister, his hypochondria, his will-lessness, his nervous crises, his mad, restless brain-waves, heroic moral illusions, and his suspicions, are all due to the Oedipus complex. Zeno sets out to show life slipping like an eel through the stiff hands of theory. At the end of the book he gives up psychoanalysis because by chance he runs across a doctor who tells him that his real disease is diabetes. Zeno is delighted. A regime at last, a new theory, a new order, the solution of all his problems. His wife remarks:

> "My poor dear Zeno, you have talked so much during your life about illnesses that sooner or later you were bound to get one." And she overwhelmed me with tenderness.

However, neither Freud nor diabetes save Zeno in the end. Obliged by the death and debts of his partner to attend seriously to his business, Zeno is saved by work. The intellectual is a natural gambler. He slaves (successfully) on the Bourse.

On its formal side Svevo's originality springs from high spirits, from sheer wit and brain, such as are found in a comedy of Beaumarchais or Sheridan. When we turn to his matter, we see that Svevo belongs to that rare number of novelists — almost non-existent in modern literature—who like their characters and side with them instead of destroying them piecemeal. And in Zeno he is liking the kind of character who is most vulnerable to disapproval. For Zeno is the egoist of all the egoists. How Meredith would have detached the pomposity and complacency from that ubiquitous first person singular. Zeno is in love with explanation. He is perpetually button-holing and explaining. He would have been the supreme café bore of Trieste. Now he is fantasticating about his struggles to give up smoking; now he is being unguardedly complacent about his wife, his ideals as a seducer, his mental superiority to his more experienced business partner, and so on. But Zeno has one saving virtue: he never believes his own self-justifications. Zeno is just as happy when he is grotesquely wrong as when he is accidentally right. He is perpetually on the damaging and humbling search for truth. Under the café gabble of Zeno's enthusiastic tongue there lies a profound humility and tenderness, an exquisite ear for the true tune of human living, an unshockable wonder at each transient mystery of our feelings. Zeno *appears* to be a weak and vacillating mad-hatter—and obtuse critics have attacked the figure of Zeno as an example of the neurotic bourgeois who suffers from intellectual diarrhoea—but, in fact, the abiding impression he leaves is one of moral gravity.

The exaggerations which spring from the tradition of Italian farce are the making of *The Confessions of Zeno*. The absurd is trained upon the serious in order to awaken our emotions from the conventional turgidity into which they habitually settle. Two episodes illustrate the macabre and disturbing effect of Svevo's use of bizarre incident. The first occurs in the very moving and faithful account of the death of Zeno's father. As usual, Zeno is overwrought, his emotions have got beyond him. In his love for the dying father with whom he has nothing in common, Zeno is quarreling with everyone at the sick bed. With the scorn of youth he has always regarded his father as a weak man; but at the moment of dying the old man rises in his bed as if he is going at last to reveal the mystery of life and death to his son and to embrace him; instead, the old man inadvertently hits him a blow on the cheek and dies. It is unexpected, it is ridiculous, it is terrifying. Literature abounds in deathbed scenes. To this one Svevo has given a particularity which is memorable not only because it is eccentric, but because we see the truth of its influence on the characters. From that moment Zeno's haunting illusion of weakness is dated. It is as illusory, of course, as his earlier illusion of being stronger than his father.

The second episode is more truly farcical, and not macabre at all. Svevo is again observing how life does not play up to conventional emotion, nor indeed to any theory at all. Guido, Zeno's partner and brother-in-law, has died. Zeno has always disapproved of him because Guido was a chronic womaniser, but chiefly because Guido had married the sister whom Zeno had once wished to marry. Zeno could never in consequence be sure of the honesty of his disapproval, as indeed he could never be sure of anything in his life. But, obviously, now Guido was dead, the tangle had been cut. Moreover, to show that he was really devoted to Guido, Zeno slaves day after day at the office until the very hour of the funeral, in order to clear up the dubious financial mess in which Guido had left his affairs and so preserve Guido's good name. Give Zeno an illusion to preserve and he works for it with the fever of a lover. And then, when he is exhausted, Zeno suddenly remembers the funeral. He dashes out, hires a cab and begins a frantic search of the city for the funeral procession. His sister-in-law, whom he has always loved, will never forgive him if he fails to turn up at the funeral. At last the procession is found. The cab joins it and Zeno and his clerk sit back and relax to talk about the Bourse. Thank heaven. They are doing the conventional thing, for Zeno, like so many of the aberrated, has a longing for the conventional. And then they discover they are in the Greek cemetery.

Guido was a Catholic. They have followed the wrong funeral.

Four books by Svevo are available in English and are admirably translated by Beryl de Zoete. But the publishers of *The Confessions of Zeno* and *As a Man Grows Older* state that their stocks have been bombed and destroyed.

Two collections of short stories which suffer from being brief restatements of the longer books are published by The Hogarth Press. They are *The Hoax* and *The Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl*. I find the Svevo of the short stories too playfully charming and serene, though *The Hoax* does define his quality.

> "a humble life, endowed with a kind of strength that comes from absolute surrender. . . ."

Svevo sees our lives hanging in suspense from minute to minute; we appear, as we must do to the psychologist, to be in continual process of disintegration. And yet, surveying the scene again in longer stretches of time, there is, under the breathless chasing of illusions, a process of reintegration, too. The fool becomes the strong man, the younger son marries the ugly sister, who turns out to be the beautiful princess. And the business man of Trieste, ignored by literary society, is avenged by the brilliant, serious and hypochondriacal clown.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

Hangover Square. By PATRICK HAMILTON. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This Little Hand. By PAMELA KELLINO. *Hale.* 8*s.*

The Unwanted Child. By PETER CONWAY. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Captain from Connecticut. By C. S. FORESTER. *M. Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

As a thriller, *Hangover Square* is hardly to be over-praised; it is tense, exciting and frightening: the reader who enjoyed the author's macabre play *Rope* will know what to expect. But the book is also a good deal more than a simple horror story; the mental dissolution of a schizophrenic under the pressure of an unhappy love affair sounds like a simple enough special case, but there is more to it than that. The lunatic in the foreground is mad north-north-west, and in his sane periods he means in a vague and woolly way to take himself in hand and to escape from the appalling milieu which is feeding his madness. Part of the horror of the story is this weak protest with which the hero slides along his wholly evitable path to murder and suicide. Here again one feels that a special case is being considered and that the situation is not one in which a reasonable being could find himself, but this criticism is destroyed by the author who rams his moral home with quotations from a speech by Mr. Chamberlain—a speech which described the consequences of long years of slide and meaning to do something about it sometime. *I have to tell you now . . . that consequently this country is at war with Germany . . . you can imagine what a bitter blow this is to me.* The hero performs a solo part in a mass dance of death and his movements are picked out to clarify the movements of the dark mob behind him, on the fringes of this mob a few minor characters are picked out with a deft sureness of touch that few English writers can surpass. The story is in little the story of the twentieth-century toboggan-ride of the Middle Class which, with every opportunity open to it, has abdicated from its responsibilities in order to save itself trouble. The picture Mr. Hamilton draws is pointed up to its extremes; he has concentrated on the Middle Class good-timers who are the equivalent of the section of the working class described by Marx as the *Lumpen-proletariat*. It may be said that the Road House Boys and the 'dromey Girls are not important figures in the social landscape, but it is an evasion to think so; they belong in history with the *Merveilleuses* and the *Exquisites* of the Directory whose follies proved so costly to early nineteenth-century France. The waste of education and energy which their activities involved and the irresponsibility of their lives has contributed largely to the second-rate quality of most contemporary government machinery: in their youth these people jam the educational machinery that should provide good public servants with waste material, and the glamour of their good times has a corrupting effect on other members of the community and creates further human waste. The book gives a first-class description of the behaviour of the people who had a chance to make a new world between the two wars, and, indeed, of preventing the second one; it will indeed have a somewhat nightmare quality to most middle-class readers who reached maturity after the last war—it will bring up some carefully repressed memories with a painful clarity, in all probability. The author's power of building up credible characters, the neatness of his story, and the importance of his subject, combine to make an excellent novel.

In *This Little Hand* we have an emotional writing up of a hard luck story of a type fairly common in the reports of the Borstal Commissioners, and in the reports of those responsible for the care of juvenile delinquents. Overstress and certain details conspire to nullify much of the passion and vigour of the writing. The appalling pressure of poverty of the type described makes petty criminals and the small circulation of the Borstal reports—to take an example—results in public indifference to this matter. There is a place for this type of propaganda, but — murder is rare, Indian abortionists and receivers of stolen goods are rarer, and the cut-throat razor is an incredible instrument for a girl of seventeen to use successfully for throat-cutting. On matters of detail it is enough to say that *Mother India* is a somewhat improbable work to be circulating among the junior assistants in a small department store; the abortionists likely to be known to prostitutes do their deadly dirty work for less than fifty pounds; and an Irish petty criminal would be unlikely to describe an Indian gentleman with the word *beautiful*. One has a feeling that this promising first novel is a failure because the author is writing about a world in which she has no first-hand experience: one recognises vestiges of a number of cases which were reported in newspapers in the narrative, one detects patches of guesswork. If Miss Kellino abandons the practice of dealing in second-hand experience she should become an interesting writer.

The Unwanted Child is a work of a good deal of unintentional humour, although the subject would not seem to promise anything of the kind. While there is a good case for the legalisation of abortion where rape, disease, malformation, or age are factors, there is a singularly weak case for cutting out an embryo because "it may add either to the spiritual or economic discomfort of the woman." Though the operation is simple mechanically and safe under hospital conditions, it is usually followed by violent reaction from the glandular apparatus attuned to the long process of pregnancy which is far harder on the woman than carrying the child would be. In spite of the breezy school of thought it is not a simple matter—like having a tooth out. Mr. Conway picks a weak aspect of the weak case and tries to justify abortion for wives who have struck unlucky while horning their husbands, so inconvenient for them, so easy to have the little nuisance out and go on fooling the old boy. In bolstering up his untenable position, Mr. Conway picks a hard case and runs it to death in what can only be described as a comic manner, taking all the courses open to the unlucky wife and following them to grotesque ends. Her child is passed off as her husband's and commits suicide when he discovers the truth, alternatively to suicide he kills a pedigree wolf-hound at his prep. school, seduces a waitress at fifteen, blackmails his mother for a cool thou' at twenty, follows up with a dashing jewel robbery, discloses his mother's shame on arrest and causes his supposed father's suicide; leaving her husband to have the child on her own leads naturally to prostitution, and so, ridiculously, on. The book provides easy meat for the opponents of abortion who can be relied upon to use it, with their usual unscrupulousness, to carry on the fight against making it legal to save assaulted minors and women who have been raped by half-wits from child-bearing. One can only regret the publication of such a silly work.

The Captain From Connecticut will please Mr. C. S. Forester's admirers for about half its length, after that the author seems to have lost touch with his muse and to have made contact with the muse who attends Hollywood script conferences. More than ever the technique of fighting sailing ships is a feature of action and the general reader is warned that much of the book will remind him of nothing so much as an account of a yacht race, and there is an extremely hard-and-fast line drawn between people who can read such things and those who can not. As Captain Peabody is a less interesting personality than the intricate invert Captain Hornblower, the book can be safely recommended only to the sailing reader.

A. P. WEST

THE YOUNGEST POETS

The White Horseman. Edited by J. F. HENDRY and HENRY TREECE. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Poems. By TERENCE TILLER. *The New Hogarth Library.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Book for Priscilla Poems. By NICHOLAS MOORE. *The Epsilon Pamphlets.* 1*s.*

Since 1918 there have been about four generations of "new poets." Clearly there is room now for another.

The writers in *The White Horseman* are making a conscious effort to answer this need. They call themselves "apocalyptics."

It seems that the "apocalyptic" writer despairs of writing an intellectual poetry with a system of language and symbols having a range of reference to deal with all his experience in life to-day. He cannot hope to make an intellectual effort greater than that of Auden. On the other hand, surrealism opens up a chaos of ideas and deprives the poet of any hope of fame, since surrealism is an almost automatic way of "releasing" images and free associations in which everything is equally valid and all poets are equally good. The "apocalyptic" cannot quite face this prospect either. He therefore attempts a compromise between surrealism and intellectualism, which Mr. Fraser, in his introduction, calls, somewhat grandly: "a dualism by which . . . the artist should not distinguish too sharply between his perceptions and his feelings about them"; in other words, between his emotions and reality (what is perceived). Mr. Fraser sums up this inclination as follows: "Be honest, allow for complexity and be yourself: *you* matter more than wars and politics, more than creeds, systems and ideas: these things, so far as they are anything, are just your sprawlings and gropings, where you are still blind to your real needs."

If we make allowances for the numerous fallacies, evasions and precipitate escapes in this sentence, it amounts to little more than a plea that politics, creeds, systems, ideas, are too

difficult for the young man under thirty in 1940, so they do not exist, or at any rate they are only a part of his own consciousness. Therefore it is "more honest" to say that he is more important than the war. One of the few features that these writers really have in common is an extreme subjectivity. It is significant that nearly all their prose fragments are autobiographic memories of chldhood.

What is curious, though, is to find these preliminaries seriously put forward as the programme of a new "movement." As Mr. Treece observes: "Order is at the best sterility, at the worst death." By which all that he can mean is that the problem of achieving ordered ideas for the sensitive young person under thirty in the world of to-day has now become so terrific that it may threaten to destroy his sensibility.

When we come to the poets themselves, of course they do not fit into Mr. Fraser's programme. Henry Treece, the most prolific, is heavily verbose, intoxicated with Elizabethan literature and anxious to strike literary attitudes. His long poem "The Ballad of the Prince" achieves a stifling atmosphere of nausea for the Faery Queen. When he writes prose, in a story which Mr. Fraser calls "as charming and amusing a childish prank as anything in David Copperfield; something completely hearty and wholesome, at which you laugh aloud"; when he writes prose, I repeat, he sinks to verbal facetiousness varying between toughness and humorous phrases such as "maternal bosom" and "mentally toasting Wheatley's demise." But he offers two short poems of real distinction in which he lapses from his aesthetic creed into a mental effort.

J. F. Hendry seems to me much the most interesting of these poets. His work does not in the least resemble that of Treece with which it is self-consciously bracketed. Perhaps because he is, as Mr. Fraser ruefully points out, a puritan Scot, he is quite incapable of giving free rein to his subconscious. He fails completely to be meaningless. His flights into the subconscious always relate to reality, much as he may regret it. He is what Mr. Treece would call "narrow," I am afraid. Moreover, he writes in the "oblique, muted style" of half rhymes, which the apocalyptics are so anxious to disclaim:

> Walls and buildings stand here still, like shells.
> Hold them to the ear. There are no echoes even
> Of the seas that once were. That tide is out
> Beyond the valleys and hills.
>
> Days dawn and die while the city assumes a distance of stars.
> It is the absence of the heart
> In the ebbing seas of heaven,
> An ebbing beyond laughter and too tense for tears.

This—from a sonnet on London, 1940—is good, I think.

G. S. Fraser himself does, in patches, conform to his idea of an "apocalyptic," and we may therefore take it that his preface is really about his own poetry. Even so, he is full of echoes of Eliot, just as Nicholas Moore echoes Auden, Eliot and Yeats.

Tom Scott is a tough, violent sensationalist, who writes effective poetry about drowning. Vernon Watkins is the most serious and accomplished of all these writers. He is not literary like Treece, nor simple-minded like Scott, nor absorbed into his subject-matter like Hendry, nor self-conscious and ornamental, like Fraser; he writes as a poet who has given his attention to poetry for a long time, who has at last hammered out an individual style of his own.

Nicholas Moore and Terence Tiller, both of whom have published separate volumes, are young writers from Cambridge. Moore has a clear grasp of abstract ideas and a great volubility. He tends to write like a typewriter, turning clichés of political thought into surrealist

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

For consideration by the board

The question of investing profits allocated to reserve arises.

Surely the strongest consideration is that they should be used to help win the war.

Will shareholders approve of funds being invested in this way?

Experience of companies which have put their funds into War Finance Securities is that shareholders heartily approve their action.

How do fairly large investors lend to the country at present?

By buying three per cent. Savings Bonds (1955-65)—a medium-term Government Loan continuously available.

Where are they on sale and in what units?

You can buy Bonds of £100, or any higher multiple of £50, direct from the Bank of England, or through any Bank or Stockbroker. There is no limit to the value of Bonds you may buy.

There are also for this Security a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue. Maximum subscription £1000. Full details from Post Offices and Trustee Savings Banks respectively.

3% Savings Bonds

1955-65

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

A record of peaceful industry & rustic contentments that were shattered by the invasion of France

A Farm in Normandy

BY ROBERT HENREY

"A vivid and absorbing picture of farm life, rich with interest and novelty. —SYDNEY CARROLL

"The later chapters reveal the tragedy of war the more poignantly because of the idyllic setting. —MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

"Impressive and moving.... Every fact emerging from the narrative has its own deep significance. — THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPT.

2nd Impression. Illus. 12/6

DENT

New Everyman Volumes

Anthony Goldsmith's new and brilliant translation of Flaubert's

SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

No edition of this long and important novel has been available to English readers for many years.

First *Everyman* edition of Henryk Sienkiewicz's historical novel

QUO VADIS?

With a new Introduction by Monica Gardner

Half-a-crown each

These two new Everyman volumes will be found at bookshops everywhere, alongside a wide range of the other 968 volumes of Everyman's Library, 'our greatest collection of literary classics.' You can get a list of volumes at your bookshop

DENT

clichés, at full speed. Like most undergraduate poetry, his work is full of smartish snobberies, about politics, about getting married, about his friends, etc. He sends salutes to the Plain Man of America and to Theodore Dreiser. If he had met either, particularly the latter, he would possibly have thought twice about doing so. Mr. Fraser finds Mr. Moore's mind "more interesting than Blake's." This is the sort of staggering statement that makes it difficult for the reviewer to feel that his function is more than that of trying to restore sanity to a kindergarten. Nevertheless, it is true that Mr. Moore shows charm, and a sincere and pleasant personality, in his work. He is intelligent, within rather insensitive limits, and he has much to unlearn. If he had not gone to Cambridge, he might be writing well already. As it is, if he is capable of learning to "imagine that which he knows" in the next few years, he may write the better for having been there.

Mr. Tiller's poems, published in this cheap and agreeable edition, are a good speculation for "the discerning." They are musical and imaginative, and show signs of an authentic voice. At present his subjects are rather too general for his muse to grapple with, but that is more the fault of his time than of himself.

To sum up, *The White Horseman* does not initiate any new movement, but it is provocative and symptomatic of what young pacifists and other "outsiders" are thinking to-day. It contains work of several interesting writers, particularly J. F. Hendry and Vernon Watkins. Terence Tiller is another interesting poet, Nicholas Moore is a young man of remarkable and sympathetic vitality, perhaps a poet, perhaps merely a potential candidate for expulsion from the Labour Party in ten years' time.

STEPHEN SPENDER

FRIENDS OF THE SOVIET UNION

The U.S.S.R. Our Ally. By D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P. *Muller.* 1s.

New Horizons. By J. T. MURPHY. *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

Battle for the World. The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War. By MAX WERNER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The quarrel between the Friends of the Soviet Union and the friends of the Soviet Union after the conclusion of the Russo-German pact of 1939 was not about whether the democracies were being left in the lurch—it is generally agreed that the Chamberlain Government could not have done more to deserve its rebuff—but whether the Stalin-Molotov policy of collaboration with the Nazis would best serve the interests of the country of Socialism in the long run. From the Revolution itself until Hitler's invasion, the peace policy of the U.S.S.R. has been consistently related by Lenin, Trotsky, Litvinov and Stalin-Molotov to a war policy; whether by the strength of the international working class, its own armed forces, collective security or bilateral alliances, the leaders of the Soviet Union preserved the peace by a flexible use of power politics which enabled the U.S.S.R. at varying stages of its development to deter potential aggressors.

The most vital factor in maintaining the equation of power was and is those millions of men and women throughout the world who regard the Soviet Union as a progressive development of human society and who have resisted, in action as well as words any attempts to destroy it. From among these men were drawn those who refused to load the Jolly George with arms for the interventionists, who led the Hands-Off-Russia movement, who organised support for collective security, who fought the Fascists in Spain in the belief that peace is indivisible and who were bewildered and dismayed by the Soviet Government's proceedings from September, 1939.

> There have been many wars in history which, notwithstanding all the horrors, cruelties, miseries and tortures inevitably connected with every war, had a progressive character, i.e. they served the development of mankind, aiding in the destruction of extremely pernicious and reactionary institutions or helping to remove the most barbarous despotisms in Europe . . . When such wars are waged, all honest revolutionary democrats as well as Socialists always sympathised with that side (i.e. with that bourgeoisie) which helped to overthrow the most dangerous foundations of feudalism and absolutism, or to combat the oppression of foreign peoples.

These words, spoken by Lenin in 1915 and quoted by Mr. Pritt, summarise the ideas of millions of socialists at the outbreak of the present war who regarded resistance to Hitler as the only means to check the gradual destruction of peace, the enslavement of peoples and that ultimate crime against human progress—the attack on the U.S.S.R. These were people who understood the Soviet Union's peace policy up to the time of the Russo-German pact, because, as C. T. Murphy reminds us in *New Horizons*, the Soviet Union had an evangelical and educative vitality in the first twenty years of its existence which explained to its world-wide sympathisers the objects of its policy. Murphy's autobiography of one engaged all his life in the British labour movement, who lived and worked for many years in the U.S.S.R., is a moving and well written reminder of the militant friendship for the U.S.S.R. which exists among masses of workers, some of them, like Murphy, classified as "deviationists" because of their sincere doubts about Soviet policy in the past.

Collaboration of the U.S.S.R. with the Nazis, as Pritt fails to mention in his book *The U.S.S.R. Our Ally* required the use of unsocialistic interpretations of policy which alienated sympathy among friends of the U.S.S.R. and produced confusion among its devotees. Thus, instead of explaining the destruction of the Mannerheim Line and the invasion of the Polish Ukraine in understandable terms of protective power politics, Molotov used terms like "the reuniting of blood brothers" to justify his measures. The Soviet Union was right, as Pritt points out and as events have proved, in occupying strategic positions. What has not been established is whether the U.S.S.R. could have obtained these positions without formal collaboration with Germany and the weakening of the will of the French workers to resist which hastened the military collapse in the West and so strengthened Hitler in the East.

Pritt's book is a reasoned, valuable analysis of the events leading up to the German invasion and of the need to present the broadest possible political front throughout the world in resistance to Hitler. He thus reinforces the argument which Max Werner develops at length in *Battle for the World*. This book, written before the entry of Russia into the war, is a scientifically accurate prognosis of the war's evolution. Werner's assertion that a *blitzkrieg* cannot be waged against an equally well-equipped enemy has been proved by the U.S.S.R., which has also shown that *blitzkrieg*, a function of total war, can only be resisted by total national effort. How are the stunned nations of defeated Europe to be revived so that they can join in the struggle against Hitler? Werner writes, "To a high degree, Britain's war is a political war. In such a war, a victory for Britain is also the task of British political propaganda."

Battle for the World shows why France had to lose the war and how and why Britain, the Soviet Union, America and their friends among the oppressed of Europe must win it. It should be made a textbook for every army officer, politician and new Minister of Information.

MAURICE EDELMAN

ONE DOES NOT FORGET

Remember Greece. By DILYS POWELL. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

"Figs bursting, grapes heavy under their bloom, and the paths on the hillside powdering beneath one's feet"—in her first sentence Miss Dilys Powell conjures up August in the Greek island of Icaria where she heard that the Russians had signed a pact with Germany. Every summer for thirteen years she had spent in Greece, and her book is a most admirable expression of admiration, nostalgia and understanding. Herodotus's account of the defeat of Persia by the Greeks is set beside the history of their descendants' triumphant resistance to the Italian hordes. There is a description of the astonishing progress achieved by Greece between the wars, when they turned the loss of Smyrna into almost a gain, by establishing a million and a quarter immigrants upon Greek soil—an example of successful transplantation that one hopes will be followed when this war ends. There are references also to incidents that no Englishman should recall without deep shame—the Italian bombardment of Corfu in 1923, when the first fatal blow at the League of Nations was dealt by the British Government (Tyrrell, I fancy, was the man most responsible). And then our allowing the Italians, in defiance of their promises, to retain the Dodecanese, another triumph of a pro-Italian clique in the Foreign Office for which to-day we are paying very heavily in ships and lives. The wonder is that despite our treachery the Greeks continued to love the English. We would not even buy their tobacco, and thus forced them to become economically dependent upon Germany. One is thankful that at last we, too, remembered our old friendship, risking (and losing) Libya in order to support the Greeks against the Germans. When peace comes, our first duty will be to Greece.

Miss Powell tells the story with elegant restraint, letting the facts speak for themselves. But what makes her book so delightful is the intelligent affection with which she describes the daily life of Greece, in Athens, in the country, and in the islands.

> These people have the confidence of equality; in Greece democracy is a principle not held in theory but practised by the people. There is no more democratic society than a Greek country community; and even in the towns, where democracy runs the danger of being lost in the economic struggle, there is a readiness of approach between the classes unknown in many Western European cities. The Greeks as a nation have kept their innocence; they are a people who do not recognise that men are born unequal, and the contagion of class as yet has scarcely touched them.

They are indeed democratic, as no state was in ancient, slave-owning Greece. But I think no observant visitor could fail to recognise the extraordinary resemblance of the modern Greeks to the people described by Herodotus and Aristophanes. In both ages a universal and excessive passion for politics led to the establishment of dictatorship. (Is parliamentary government perhaps only practicable in countries that are in fact rather tepid about politics?) In both ages individual astuteness has been allied with patriotic heroism, intent curiosity with extreme courtesy, national pride with good will to the foreigner Geography insisted that communications in Greece must be by sea rather than by land; consequently the Greeks became travellers, saw the habits of other men, learnt to compare rather than to accept. Thus was Reason born. The sea has continued to be the reverse of estranging. Only by ship can the Athenian visit his parents at Kalamata, his brother at Mykonos. Miss Powell gives the most enchanting account of journeys to the islands—the little steamer with

5 EDITIONS IN 9 DAYS · 2/6

RUSSIA AND OURSELVES

BY VICTOR GOLLANCZ

"Magnificent commonsense. A timely reminder, & admirably balanced view, of both the good points & the weak points of Soviet policy. But it is much more than that. It grasps the root of the matter in the way it emphasises the importance of reconciling the inevitability of Socialism in the economic sphere & the essential requirements of personal freedom. Our danger in the past was in reluctance to face the implications of the former condition; our danger in the present lies more in disregard for the latter condition. I can only hope that this book, such a compound of wisdom in brief, will have the widest circulation, & make the deepest possible impression"—*Captain Liddell Hart*

"I do not know what to admire more: the lucidity of the argument, or its eloquence, or its just balance. There seems to be not one single argument or even phrase to criticise"—*Arthur Koestler, author of "Darkness at Noon"*

"A remarkable feat of candid & realistic argument. Distinguished from the ordinary pro- and anti-Soviet polemics by a welcome readiness . . ." —*Frank Pakenham (Oxford Mail)*

"Of high value at this critical moment. Should be studied in these times by all men of good will"—*Henry W. Nevinson (Observer)*

"It is addressed to a socialist public; but there is much in it that will demand attention from those of other ways of political thinking"—*E. C. Bentley (Daily Telegraph)* "Invaluable—a great service"—*Listener*

"Invaluable"—*Manchester Guardian, in a leading article, of the Appendix*

A CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST SPEAKS OUT

THE CHURCH, IMPOTENT OR TRIUMPHANT?

(2ND ED · 3/6) BY SIDNEY DARK

Lately Editor of "The Church Times"

"The most important book of its kind that has yet appeared. It should have a large lay public, & it will certainly cause ructions in rectories"—*Philip Page (Daily Mail)*

"It will shatter the complacency of vicarages & bishops' palaces, & will bring the short-sighted, satisfied churchgoer up with a jerk"—*Daily Mirror*

"Frankly critical & yet daringly constructive"—*Daily Herald*

"One of the most challenging books of our time"—*Hannen Swaffer (The People)*

GOLLANCZ, 14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2

its packed decks sliding at night from Piraeus, unloading into boats off the precipitous coast, the landing in the moonlit Cyclades, among white-washed chapels and villages glittering like snow. With equal sympathy she talks of drinking ouzo and resinous wine in little cafés, or dining off red mullet and baby lamb at a modest restaurant near Phaleron—

> where the gigantic Cretan proprietors greet favoured guests, where the tables are set on the flat shore a few feet above the sea on the tiny beach, where you can use a rock as a bathing tent and swim in a moonlit sea. When you are dressed the food is ready; the peddler has opened a dozen of the small sweet shellfish called in Greek sea-quinces and squeezed a drop of lemon-juice on each, the waiter has brought the stuffed aubergines, the wine is cold; casually the players strum a song and sing with muted voices in the dark.

Nobody who has had the luck to visit Greece in August could read this without a helpless longing. I have been there in April also, and as Miss Powell says, this is a mistake. But in the summer Greece is the most lovely of lands. The olive orchards below Delphi flow in the valley towards the bay like a great glaucous river; the parasol-pines and the vast supine columns of the Temple of Zeus make Olympia as majestic as a painting by Poussin; a bathe at Delos, the walk up to Mistra, a welcome in Samos remain among the happiest images in one's memory. All this, and much more, rushes back into the mind as one reads Miss Dilys Powell's direct and distinguished prose. We now have a warmer fellow-feeling with the Greeks than with any people in the world; and how one hopes, upon an island of the Dodecanese restored to Greece to see once again figs bursting, grapes heavy under their bloom, and the paths on the hillside powdering beneath one's feet.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HE SAW ENGLAND

I Saw England. By BEN ROBERTSON. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

For the best accounts of the Battle of Britain we turn still to American journalists. *I Saw England*, though rather late in coming, is perhaps the most vivid of these special reportings, and I recommend it to Londoner's and others who can afford to read about one blitz while waiting for the next. Mr. Robertson had the advantage over some of his colleagues of being given a definite job. His Battle of Britain isn't preceded by a Fall of Paris, a Finnish Campaign, a Siege of Madrid, with the thin stream of autobiography involved. He was sent here to cover the *blitzkrieg* against England, and when that had been let loose and had failed, he went home.

These American correspondents have been our best propagandists; sometimes they even make us rather uneasily conscious of the fact, for the simplest reader must know by now that their wholehearted and moving stories were obtained in spite of the authorities. Behind Mr. Robertson's narrative, for example, there must lie another story of niggling censorship which, being kindly, he doesn't divulge. He says nothing about the day-to-day battle with M.O.I.; he is more than lenient towards authority, and gives the impression that we were better prepared against air raids and invasion than in fact we were. Perhaps for this reason his reporting of the Battle of Britain in *P.M.* was followed up by a flying visit of his editor, Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, who took the line (also exaggerated) that we had lost that battle without knowing it.

Still, on the whole, *I Saw England* is truthful, spontaneous and, needless to say, first-class journalism. Mr. Ben Robertson had a front seat. He watched the Channel battles from a Dover cliff; he saw the first armada making inland and London burning in the distance; he stayed at the Waldorf, which was hit, and moved to the Savoy, also hit; he visited the worst shelter in the East End; he passed the shelter room in the Dorchester reserved for the Duff Coopers and the Halifaxes; he sat in St. Paul's and read a leaflet of Christian war aims which was an advance on anything in the speeches of politicians; he taxied here and there, talked to porters, barmaids, Canadians, and at luncheon was on Christian-name terms with the great; brilliant weather, bumps in the night, daylight revealing the tragic gashes, people talking as they had never talked before, the people in the street alive, a little dazed, friendly-heroic. After London there was the dash to other battered cities—Coventry, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, and to the untouched, Glasgow and Dublin. Everywhere Mr. Robertson knew a nob or two, and managed to get the ordinary folk talking. It is superficial, but superficial with the advantage that any stranger has at a scene of catastrophe. He *did* see rather more of things than we, living our lives and reading papers, saw. Indeed, so vivid and sympathetic are his descriptions that one may easily take his account as covering everything. But it doesn't; the cross-section of London takes in a few at the top and a few more at the bottom; a journalist can enter the Savoy and the Aldwych tube, but not, apparently, streets in Balham or Wimbledon; the middle-class hardly come under Mr. Robertson's eye except as queue-lines for buses. With this exception, he gives a good bird's-eye, and pecks nimbly for crumbs.

G. W. STONIER

Smart, comfortable and smooth textured, 'Clydella' Service shirts are made to stand up to many a tough time and plenty of hard going. They wash perfectly, keep their colour faithfully and are as well adapted to an officer's budget as they are to his uniform.

'Clydella' Regd.
SERVICE SHIRTS

'Clydella' White Shirts 14/9 (without collars); Service Socks, 4/1; Service Ties, 3/0. Stocked by high-class hosiers and outfitters everywhere.

NATIONAL AIR RAID DISTRESS FUND
Give Freely on the Flag Day

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

C.1a

Week-end Competitions

No. 603

Set by Lionel Fielden

Miss Sarah Churchill, reading Arnold's *Dover Beach* on the wireless, altered the last line to "When gigantic armies clash by night"—presumably because our army ought not to be ignorant and ought to be gigantic. The usual prizes are offered for a set of three similarly infelicitous amendments that might be made, for propagandist purposes, of famous lines in English poetry. The requirements of scansion, as the above example shows, can safely be neglected.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, Sept. 1st.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 600

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Competitors are invited to spend Bank Holiday trying to make clerihews on the names of places as successfully as they have made them on the names of persons. The usual prizes are offered for a set of three. Any number may be sent in.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Dazed with reading hundreds upon hundreds of ingenious rhymes, and unable to lay down any principle on which the entries should be judged, I can only hope the senders will realise that they have entered for a sweepstake rather than for a competition, and that the pleasure of writing can be its own reward. A. P.-R. submitted the most ingenious rhymes, based all on oddly pronounced places. I recommend that the prizes be divided between Ronald Mason, T. P. Walker and Brenda Pool. I append an anthology of other entries.

The Hogarth Press

Now in its Second Impression

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S

LAST GREAT NOVEL

Between the Acts

(7s. 6d.)

has been acclaimed by the critics as a literary event of the first importance

The Times Literary Supplement described it as "a rare and sometimes haunting book."

Edwin Muir in *The Listener* wrote: "Perhaps the most complete expression of the world of imagination. . . . She has never written better prose."

FOLIOS OF NEW WRITING

Spring 1941 (5s.) edited by John Lehmann, contains poems, articles and stories by Walter Allen, Harold Acton, B. L. Coombes, Donagh MacDonagh, Henry Green, V. S. Pritchett, Louis MacNeice, and many others.

The Manchester Guardian has said: "There was never anything quite like this publication in England."

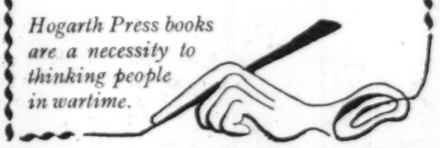
THE COLOUR BAR IN EAST AFRICA by Norman Leys (7s. 6d.)

Dr. Leys, author of *Kenya*, is an acknowledged expert on his subject. A book of great topical interest, in view of the recent increase in British responsibilities in East Africa.

WHY THE GERMAN REPUBLIC FELL (2s. 6d.)

This is a *Land and Liberty* book, consisting of a number of studies of the causes and consequences of economic inequality. Edited by A. W. Madsen, it forms a distinctive contribution to the study of the new social order which must rise in place of the old when peace is restored.

Hogarth Press books are a necessity to thinking people in wartime.



FAR FROM THE MADDING WAR

By LORD BERNERS 6/- *net.*

Manchester Guardian: "Lord Berners is a public benefactor. In his chuckling tale of people and events at one of the older universities are interwoven episodes both funny and scandalous."

ENGLAND WAS AN ISLAND ONCE

By ELSWYTH THANE 7/6 *net.*

"Miss Thane's digressions into English history: her recollections of country scenes and life, and the recording of her many friendships, all help to form an endearing picture of our land and its people."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Constable

By the author of "ROPE" "GASLIGHT" etc.

PATRICK HAMILTON

RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*).

". . . something more than a merely exciting story. The background may be sordid, but George's 'agony,' his humiliations, his rare moments of happiness and even of triumph—all are most movingly described."

"The clever (sometimes piercingly true) sketch of an ill-used murderer and a couple of nasty murderees. . . it is strikingly clever."

FRANK SWINNERTON (*Observer*).

"HANGOVER SQUARE"

Book Society recommendation 8/6 *net.*

Constable

A FRENCH SOLDIER SPEAKS

By JACQUES 4/6 *net.*

Translated by Helen Waddell.

SIR MAX BEERBOHM (*in a private letter*): "The French Soldier's book . . . is full of beauty and fine suffering and deep thought and astringent wit: a noble work."

OLD ENGLAND: a French View

By HENRI DE VIBRAYE 10/- *net.*

"The book is tonic reading . . . the very detachment of the attitude makes the tribute more valuable. Perhaps you do not want to hear what you are not or what you are; but if you do, read this."—BASIL DE SELINCOURT (*Observer*).

"WE are now in a practically unknown part of the World"...

Dear Sirs,

"I enclose herein my cheque for £5 which I would ask you to place to my credit.

. . . We are now in a practically unknown part of the World: until a month ago no Englishman (except perhaps a solitary traveller) had penetrated here. I had hoped to be the first to introduce Barneys Punchbowle into these parts, but your adherents are too ubiquitous and one at least was found in our first party.

. . . The best currency we find to be empty bottles and tins. Barneys tins have a very high exchange value: one tin (empty) would buy a chicken. The empty tins are sold on the frontier for 6 annas each . . ."

[This letter, from a smoker on an official mission to the borders of Indo-China, can be inspected.]

"I had hoped to be the first to introduce Barneys into these parts!"

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*); in "EverFresh" Tins: 1/9½d. oz.

(256) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

PRIZE-WINNERS

I

The town council of Bacup
Are tolerant of make up :
Even encouraging the Mayor
To peroxide his hair.

The locals at Beaulieu
Are no good to yours truly
Most of the people of Hants
Need a kick in the pants.

The Porters of Newhaven
Though better shaven
Seem to me to have less pep
Than those of Dieppe.

The Chapter of Lincoln
Used to share the " Pink 'Un."
On its ceasing publication
They fell back on THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. T. P. WALKER

II

Sodom and Gomorrah
Were the objects of virtuous horror
Until they received a boost
From Proust.

Benghazi
Is in the hands of the Nazi
According to the Premier's information
And pronunciation.

The stationmaster at Hamm
Said " I vos not der man I am,"
So they transferred him for a rest
To the harbour station at Brest.
RONALD MASON

III

The painters of St. Ives
Lead irregular lives
Which are not *à la mode*
In the Euston Road.

Don't spend
Your day by the sea at Southend :
Come to Claygate
Where the beach isn't blocked by James Agaté.

BOOKS ARE THE BEST GIFTS★

If you don't know what to choose—remember that

BOOK TOKENS

enable your friends to choose exactly what they want at their own bookshop

★NOW MORE THAN EVER — since they are coupon and tax-free

It's a cliché
To speak of the old men of Vichy :
I find the old men of Westminster
Just as sinister. BRENDA POOL

At Vichy
It's not only the water that's fishy,
And though its facade is faced with gilt
It's jerry-built. (" Pibwob ")

Devizes
Has all sorts and all sizes
Of ugly bitches
In breeches.

Iron Acton
Is unmoved by Mr. Bracken,
Nor could he ever stampede
Ide. (A. P.-R.)

I should like to go to Reno
For an extra-marital beano ;
With this fight on
I can't even go to Brighton.

You can't get Watney's
At Totnes,
But Beer
Is quite near. (Bernard Smith)

Kiev
We believe
Should be pronounced Ki-ef—
Like B.F.

Dakar
Was the scene of a fracas,
Which the Hun
Won. (A. M. Denton)

At Yoker
Everyone plays poker ;
Bridge is thought rather side
On the Clyde. (E. Aitken)

Busto Argizio
Must have been the home of Rizzio
It does so suggest
Italian tenors at their best.

Splott
Sounds Teutonic, does it not ?
But far from being in, say, Bavaria
It's a South Wales built-up area.
(R. S. Jaffray)

In Porkhov
They talk of
Panzers
From Kansas.

No funking
In Chungking
They never appease
The Japanese.
(William Henry Clark)

The popular impression of Rome
Entertained in our island home
Is of vendors of hoky-poky
Ruled by Jack Oakie.

The Kentish villagers of Loose
Pronounce it to rhyme with " ooze."
Otherwise, how could scandal be stilled
If they started a Women's Guild ?

When the porters of Crewe
Have nothing better to do
They contemplate the dejection
Of those who have missed their connection.
(Leslie Johnson)

The artificial opulence of Deauville
Makes any normal decent cove ill :
If there's a place more richly insincere it's
Biarritz.

The German must have been a B.F.
Who romanced on the Panzers entering Kieff :
The truth
Was somewhere round the Pruth.
(" Cyan ")

Perth
Shows this year a pleasing dearth
Of gentlemen from Wilts
In kilts.

Rhum and Eigg
Make a jolly good peg ;
And as for Skye,
It seldom goes dry.

Crewe
Has the longest platforms I ever knew ;
The supply of any kind of porter
Unfortunately is shorter.
(R. Maxwell)

Beverley
Rather cleverly
Avoids gardens and " godwottery,"
And sticks to pottery.
(Cynthia Rowlands)

Ashton-under-Lyne
Is fine
If you keep
Asleep.
(H. Samuel Platts)

Manchester
Conferred the Freedom of the City on Elsa Lanchester,
As a retort to Chipping Norton
Which did the same for Charles Laughton.
(C. J. Raberry)

Selsey
Is a change from Chelsea ;
But is Polperro ?
No !

Some
Prefer Eigg and Rum.
But with Much Woolton our Luck
now is Muck.

There's no doubt
About
Bugha.
It does rhyme with rugger.
(Heaviside)

Trippers make tracks
For Cambridge's Backs :
But Oxford, one hears,
Has beautiful rears.

Though Shoreham
Is a model of decoreham
It's not half so excighton
As Brighton. (Peter Hadley)

Lymm
suited him ;
but only Ware
would do for her.
(Allan M. Laing)

Mermaids at Ilfracombe
Pilfer a comb
To part their golden locks
On rocks. (Gerald Summers)

The girls of Peckham
Don't readily let men neck 'em,
So they're in no way to blame
For its name.

At Tooting
There is very little shooting ;
The birds, you'll find,
Are not that kind. (" Lamsilon ")

To give up Dakar
Without a fracas
Needs a change of heart
On Weygand's part.
(" Marcus Magill ")

The people of Karachi
Are inclined to be starchy,
But then its wetter
Than at Quetta. (N. P. Meadway)

The people of Wells
Have a cathedral all to theirsel's
But of their bishop they have to give half
To Barf. (A. Jowett)

That minimy-pinimy Ciano
Felt glum at San Gimignano,
So when he met Edda
He decided to wed her.

Auch
Is packed with Boches
But perhaps next year Posen
Will be full of Franzosen. (W. R.)

BANISH WORLD BABEL

New invention simplifies the language problem and doubles speed of writing

A new invention of Reginald J. G. Dutton, F.R.S.A. (author of the Dutton One-Week Shorthand system) has effected an enormous simplification of language problems. Known as Dutton 480 Universal Speedwords, it classifies all ideas and objects known to the human mind in 480 families. The parent word of each of these families is given an abbreviated form of an international root-word

am	= love	*bi*	= life
ap	= open	*lum*	= illumination
li	= liquid	*urb*	= town

Each parent has up to 20 immediate offspring by the addition of single-letter suffixes, which *always* give a specified change of meaning to the root-word. For example *-o* at the end provides an opposite meaning to that of the original Speedword.

am	= love	*amo*	= hate
ap	= open	*apo*	= closed
lum	= illumination	*lumo*	= darkness
urb	= town	*urbo*	= country

From the original 480 root-words 4,377 new words are produced in this way without imposing any further burden on the memory. The very frequently occurring particles and prepositions such as "the," "and," "that," "with," "from," etc., are represented by single letters. Examples, *l* = the, *m* = with, *d* = from.

The remaining words in the language are represented by intermarriage between root-words. This method of compounds and use of suffixes gives a possibility of well over a million different ideas.

li	= liquid	*bi*	= life	*libi*	= blood
ry	= establishment	*san*	= health	*rysan*	= hospital
teg	= cover	*le*	= letter	*tegle*	= envelope
mek	= machine	*av*	= flight	*mekav*	= aeroplane

This principle which is similar to that which gives us such English words as overcoat, bookshop, bedroom, etc., entirely removes the necessity of learning thousands of words to form a vocabulary. Thus, after learning only the 480 Speedwords and the 20 single letter suffixes, you are in a position to correspond with a Speedword writer of *any nationality*.

Although correspondence with foreign countries is almost non-existent to-day, there is a very practical use for Speedwords which you can adopt at once. The most frequently occurring words are represented in Dutton Universal Speedwords by single letter particles. Next come two-letter Speedwords for very common words and so on. The result is that in D.U.S. nine out of every ten words are of either one, two or three letters. This halves the time of writing ordinary matter so that notes and letters written in Speedwords are done at double speed.

The Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A., late Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, who is a postal student of Dutton Universal Speedwords, has written to the inventor :—

"I must say that I am fascinated by the possibilities of wonderfully condensed exquisitely precise statement your plan makes possible. I feel indeed that the study of Universal Speedwords should actually give people a far better perception of the meanings of their own language, and be an antidote not only to slovenly writing, but to sloppy thinking. Your invention is a great conception, and I do most sincerely wish you all possible success."

A complete analysis of the invention will gladly be sent with a FREE first lesson of the Postal Course. The complete list of 480 Speedwords, 20 single-letter suffixes, and 26 single-letter particles is contained in a 16-page booklet which may be purchased for 1s. 1d. post free either now, or after having read the analysis. Write to Dutton School, Dept. N.U.S. 92/3, Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Please state specially if you would like details of **both** Dutton 480 Universal Speedwords and Dutton One-Week Shorthand (mentioned below).

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND

FIRST LESSON FREE

Those who wish to write notes at speeds up to 200 words a minute and to have exact copies of the words spoken should take up Dutton One-Week Shorthand.

In the last war Dutton Shorthand was taught to classes of the W.R.N.S., W.A.A.C., and W.R.A.F., because each Service wanted additional stenographers very quickly.

YOU can learn Dutton Shorthand very quickly—in one week if you wish. After working twelve 2-hour postal lessons at home (no travelling in the black-out), you can write the shorthand for every word in the English language. With nothing new to learn, writing practice only is needed to reach a speed of 150-200 words a minute.

Dutton Shorthand is used by over 50,000 writers throughout the world and is accepted by all examining bodies. See for yourself how simple this modern system is by trying the first lesson. This will be sent FREE without any obligation on application to Dutton Shorthand School, Dept. N.S.6, 92-3, Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1 ('phone: Museum 7379). Also branch at Skegness, Lincs.

If you would like details of **both** Dutton One-Week Shorthand and Dutton 480 Universal Speedwords (mentioned in adjoining column) please state this specially.

TO STOP LUMBAGO QUICKLY

Without warning comes that sharp agonising 'crick' in the back, or in your loins. It's lumbago, the old complaint, back again. Take 2 tablets of Phensic with a little water. As this wonderful pain-killer gets into your bloodstream you will feel the pain melt away. Millions rely upon Phensic.

Prices 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8
(Including Purchase Tax)

Phensic
(Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' BRAND)

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

THE DAILY WORKER

staff has made a practical contribution to the war effort by producing a *WORKERS' GAZETTE*, described by Cassandra of the "Daily Mirror" as "this lusty new-born production . . . quite a lively one too."

Send p.c. for free copy of *WORKERS' GAZETTE* to: Daily Worker Defence Leagues, 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. (*Ter.*: 6637).

LIFT THE BAN!

PRUNING YOUR LIBRARY?

Best Prices given for Review and Used Books on:

Politics, Economics, Current Affairs,

Etc., Etc.

SEND LISTS ONLY

To COLLET'S, DEPT. S.H., 67, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES—open to all

● **U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the Matriculation, Special Entrance, Intermediate, and Degree examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified resident tutors. Low fees, which may be paid by instalments. Text-book library. Free re-preparation in the event of failure, subject to clearly stated conditions. Over 10,000 U.C.C. students passed London University exams. during 1930-1940.** *U.C.C. Successes at London University are audited by Chartered Accountants.*

● **PROSPECTUS** post free from Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70, Burlington House, Cambridge

THE UNIVERSAL BOOK SERVICE

Write for details of our famous Circulating Library and for our Lists of New and Secondhand Books

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
42, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

As the Stock Exchange sees it, the question of prices, wages and inflation, which overrides everything, becomes more confusing every day. First, the Government's mealy-mouthed White Paper on inflation was met with a blank refusal of co-operation from the T.U.C. Next, Mr. Bevin, who has all along supported a rise in wages to match a rise in prices, tries to get out of the muddle by declaring that no further increases in wages are now necessary because the Government has at last decided to stabilise prices. Finally, Mr. Bevin's old union turns him down and retorts that prices are not and cannot be stabilised. In theory, of course, the Government can stabilise prices by subsidising industry and trade, but if the cost of this subsidy increases astronomically, the Treasury will be forced to borrow too heavily from the money market with an inevitable monetary inflation. The all-important question, then, is the size of the subsidy required to stabilise prices, if this, indeed, is the Government policy. This again depends upon the cost of imported materials outside those covered by the American Lease and Lend Act. The Government may face this subsidy without anxiety, but there remains the fundamental cause of all inflations—namely, a greatly reduced supply of goods on which a greatly increased volume of money incomes can be spent. The Retail Trade Committee of the Board of Trade estimates that the amount of goods available for sale is about 50 per cent. of normal—while the national income (according to the Budget White Paper) has increased by 33⅓ per cent. up to the end of 1940, and is still increasing. If the system of rationing is widely extended, the pressure of unused purchasing power will be intensified, so that, unless the volume of saving is increased (or we have forced loans), inflation must show itself in an increase in the prices of non-rationed goods or of investments, such as Stock Exchange securities or land and properties. Small wonder that the Stock Exchange is watching the fight over inflation with some interest.

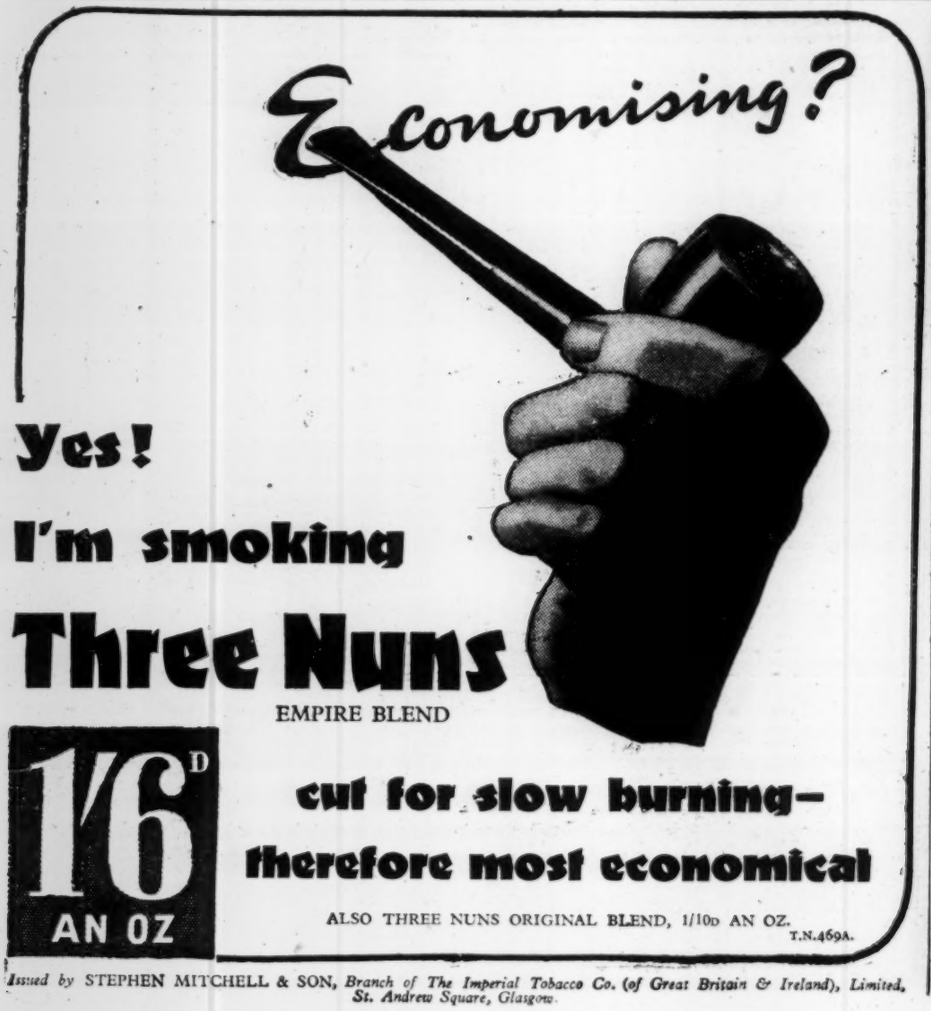
* * *

The market feature of the week has been the strong and persistent rise in home railway stocks. An inspired statement appeared in the City columns of the *Times* last Friday on the present negotiations between the railways and the Ministry of Transport. The *Times* reported, but did not confirm, that there had been a change of front—that any idea of unification and public ownership had now been abandoned, and that much of Lord Leathers's time since his appointment in May had been devoted to resisting proposals for nationalisation. The City Editor then discussed the three possible lines of approach. First, what would the position of the railways have been if they had been allowed to operate in their peacetime statutory context? The answer to this question is that they would now be earning their full "standard" (pre-1914) revenues, but the City Editor admitted that the increase of charges which would have been necessary to attain this standard would have been against "high public policy." Secondly, what would have been the position of the railways if the Agreement negotiated at the beginning of the war had been fully implemented? The answer to this, in his opinion, is something in excess of £45 million (against £42,300,000 earned in 1940). Thirdly, what would be the position in default of (1) and (2)? Under the Excess Profits Tax, the railways' standard would be much the same as the actual revenues earned in 1940. The City Editor of the *Times* then concluded that any fixed rental which the Government might pay to the railways in future would have to be *a compromise somewhere above the* 1940 *earnings* because the railways before the war were making sub-normal profits. Now we know. It seems to be generally assumed in the market that the new Agreement will provide for an annual rental payment by the Treasury to the railways which will then be operated on Government account, any profit or loss on working accruing to the Treasury, and that this rental agreement would last for the duration of the war and for some time afterwards. The City Editor of the *Times* was too modest in concluding that stockholders would await the terms with "not unnatural anxiety." The market seems a little cocksure, as the following table of prices of the Junior Stocks suggest :—

	Price year ago	Price week ago	Price to-day
L.M.S. 4% Pref.	47	60½	65
L.M.S. 4% (1923) Pref. ...	36	44½	50
L. & N.E. 4% 1st Pref. ...	33	44	49½
Southern 5% Pref. Ord. ...	46	54½	61

* * *

Will Nazi aggression be halted finally by a shortage of oil? The Petroleum Press Service estimates that the Russian campaign is costing the Germans over 300,000 tons a month. An annual consumption of 3,600,000 tons a year is approximately half the total oil supply which Germany can draw from her own sources of production and from the oilfields she controls. The fact that the Rumanian and Polish oilfields are within range of Russian bombers should, of course, reduce her supplies. Clearly the German oil position is rapidly deteriorating and it becomes all the more imperative for Hitler to seize the Iraq and Iranian oilfields if he cannot reach Baku. The drive to Odessa, the oil-refining centre of the Russian south, will be the turning-point in other fortunes besides those of Hitler.



Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, *Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.*

for smiling HEALTH
SANDWICHES IN WARTIME. Send P.C. for FREE Booklet. HOVIS LTD. (Dept. 61), Macclesfield.
HOVIS
IT'S RICH IN VITAMIN 'B'

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

SPRINGTIME OF LIFE

Bright for many, but for others a winter of neglect, or even cruelty. Through its 'Children's Men' the N.S.P.C.C. brought happiness to 103,653 children last year

N·S·P·C·C
NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Children must be helped. Donations and legacies, small or large, gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Spencer J. Portal, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

KINGSLEY HOTEL. Near the British Museum. Telephones in all bedrooms. From 9*s.* 6*d.* per night.

ASK for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD.
P.R.H.A. LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

ROCKINGHAM. Westward Ho! Devon. Quiet, comf. hse., peaceful sur. Mod. inc. terms. MISS FOLL. Northam 183.

WOODY-BAY HOTEL, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet, peaceful, safe area. H. & C. all rooms, spring mattresses, good food, farm produce, central heating, licensed. From 3½ *guineas*, inclusive. Parracombe 64.

A BEAUTIFUL place in West Surrey in a Pixieland setting. Five acres lovely grounds, excellent cuisine, quiet, convenient, on Hindhead-Midhurst-Farnham bus service. Moderate terms. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, near Farnham, Surrey. 'Phone: Frensham 362.

WOODSTOCK Guest House, Charlton Singleton, Sussex. Mod. cntry hse, every comf. 3 *gns.* p.w. Singleton 200.

GREEK REST. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. OPEN till 10 p.m.—Dolmades, Shashliks (charcoal grill).

TO LET AND WANTED

DIVAN bed-sitting room to let off Horseferry Road, Westminster; gas-fire and ring; telephone; £1 per week. Box 9909.

TO let furnished for month Oct., sunny Cotswold cottage; garden 3 min.—26 Mill Lane, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton.

GROUND floor flat, furnished or unfurnished, four large rooms, bathroom, large garden. 184 Walm Lane, N.W.2. Gladstone 5131.

THATCHED cottage to let, Hartlands, N. Devon. Furnished 2 rooms, well and E.C., £1 a week. Write THRUPP, 10 Kensington Park Road, W.11.

WANTED to rent as from next April, with option of purchase, small house, cottage or bungalow in country or small town. Box 9947.

DR. wants single service flat Hampstead or Highgate; or would share large one. Ground floor or lift. Write J., Berkeley Cottage, Danbury, Essex.

YOUNG couple would like occupy modern furnished flat West London, moderate rent, careful tenants. Box 9926.

BEDFORD. London mother with girl (11) at local school wants to rent small house, flat or one/two rooms and kitchen. Interested in literature, politics, international affairs and quiet home. Box 9925.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOW to stop smoking. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

MINIATURE cameras wanted. Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex, Exakta, etc. Highest prices in England offered. WALLACE HEATON, LTD., 127 New Bond Street, W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES

2*s.* 3*d.* per line (or part line) per insertion. Minimum 2 lines. A line averages 8 words. BOX NUMBERS, Add 1*s.* Classified advertisements cannot be inserted UNLESS PREPAID. If in doubt about the amount send nearest calculation and it will be adjusted.
Under present conditions insertion cannot be guaranteed. Copy should arrive not later than FIRST POST TUESDAY. *Earlier will help to ensure insertion.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription, post free, to any address in the World costs: One year, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Changes of address for subscription copies should reach this office not later than first post TUESDAY morning.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A DEGREE FOR YOU!

The Matriculation exam. need not deter those who have left their school days behind. London University Degree candidates over 23 may take the *shorter* Special Entrance Exam. Wolsey Hall Postal Courses offer many advantages; low fees, instalment terms, free loan of books, and, in the event of failure, continuation of tuition free of charge. 990 Wolsey Hall students have passed this examination.

Write for Free Guide to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Department VH12,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE. 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

STUDIO PARADIS. Parisian art school in London, 5 mins. Tube. Reopens September. Particulars from Secretary, 5 St. Oswald's Studios, S.W.6.

INVESTMENT

TO SOLICITORS AND PRINCIPALS.—Second Mortgage of £10,000 required. Best possible security. Freehold business premises, London suburb, leased to, and occupied entirely by leading Bank at rental of £2,700 p.a. for 99 years certain from 1932. First Mortgage (building finance) £25,000 fixed for 80 years at 6½ p.c. Existing Second Mortgage £10,000 at 5 p.c., due for redemption December next, but lender would accept earlier repayment. Five p.c. offered for fixed period at lender's choice, but minimum 5 years. Equity worth £22,650 on 5 p.c. basis. No commission or valuation fees. Borrowers to pay own solicitor's costs and stamps only. Box 9935.

ACCOMMODATION

123 ST. GEORGE'S DRIVE, S.W.1. Charming modern divan flatlets, with electric kitchenettes. From 22*s.* 6*d.* per week. VIC 8219.

HAMPSTEAD (Swiss Cottage). Attractive mod. furn. divan room, 1st flr., with service. 16*s.* 6 Belsize Square. Pri 3426.

WOULD like someone to share our small cottage at Stanmore Nurseries. Mr. and Mrs. D. Box 9940.

HAMPSTEAD. 7 Lancaster Grove. University woman has divan rooms, h. and c. Gas fires. 19*s*-25*s*. PRI. 0160.

SWISS COT. Unf. attract. lge. g.f. studio rm., 21*s.*; small, 12*s.* 6*d.* Every conv., serv. 16 Belsize Sq., N.W.6 Pri. 6165.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR MAURICE A. CANNEY would welcome as P.G. a University student. Write: M. A. C., 62 Church Way, Friern Barnet, N.20.

Wanted

DIVAN bed-sit., gas fire, neutral area, Waterloo line preferred wanted by professional woman. Box 9938.

TWO English girls want small furnished or partially furnished flat. Box 9899.

Does your copy of this paper arrive promptly?

If not, send us name and address of your newsagent, also his supplier.

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Writing for Profit

If you are interested in writing as an extra source of income you should not fail to apply to the Regent Institute for a copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer."

This informative booklet gives details of the highly successful Regent courses, which are conducted by Mr. Harold Herd, well-known London editor and author.

Among the subjects covered by this interesting booklet are the following:

(a) The New Writer's Chance.
(b) Openings for the Short Story Writer.
(c) What Editors Want.
(d) Opportunities in Women's Journalism.
(e) Earning While Learning.
(f) The Ideal Hobby in War-Time.
(g) Free Criticism Offer.
(h) The Recommended Courses.
(i) Individual Tuition.
(j) A Notable Record of Success.
(k) What Students Say.

A SPECIAL OFFER to New Writers

Send 6d. in stamps for a **full-size specimen lesson** and "How to Succeed as a Writer"—*without any obligation.*—THE REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191J), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

SCHOLARSHIPS

AN endowed country Public School offers Scholarships and Bursaries to boys showing promise in Art, Music, Sculpture and English. Candidates may be interviewed in London or at the School. Apply Box 9659.

PERSONAL

TWO women, running lonely Warwickshire farm with one labourer ask for capable intelligent woman to undertake cooking and kitchen work. One student, one child in family. Aga cooker, electric light. Not much money, but good life for right person. Box 9939.

TELEPHONE quickly if you want a holiday near Edenbridge before I let the house. Crockham Hill 350.

EXETER. Would anyone invite R.A.F. officer play gramophone records and/or talk books, pictures or nonsense? O.P.Q., Byways, Ringswell Avenue, Heavitree.

NOMINAL Salary. Exp. Univ. man desires work with progressive M.P. or Society. Box 9929.

TWO Joad devotees, billetees Colwyn Bay area, wd. welcome opp. listen his Sunday Broadcast. Box 9902.

HOME offered with teacher in safe area, in return for occasional care of girls, 4 and 8. Box 9914.

GIVE THE CHILDREN "BERMALINE" Bread, and so make sure they are getting the utmost nourishment. Delicious too. Ask your Baker or write, Bermaline, Fairley St., Glasgow, S.W.1.

COMING OF AGE of THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. To mark this Anniversary HALF FEES accepted for Correspondence Courses in Fiction and Journalism. Offer limited to 200 students. Personal coaching. No curtailment. Write to Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

SMOKING HABIT CURED. Quick, safe, scientific. Write for FREE Booklet of genuine remedy. Victor Institute, (SM) Victor House, Lawson Road, Colwyn Bay.

BIRTH CONTROL TO-DAY, by Dr. Marie Stopes, 2*s.* 4*d.* post free. Mothers' Clinic functioning though three times bombed. 108 Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

MISS OLLIVIER, trained. Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism, Headaches, Obesity. Write Colnbrook, Bucks, Wel. 9711.

ACCORDING to A. S. Neill "Kingston is right in every way." Particulars:—Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MONOMARKS. Permanent London address. 5*s.* p.a. Patronised by Royalty. Write BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

PURELY PERSONAL

NOTICE is hereby given that King Six are the finest Cigars at the price. They are 8d. each at all tobacconists.